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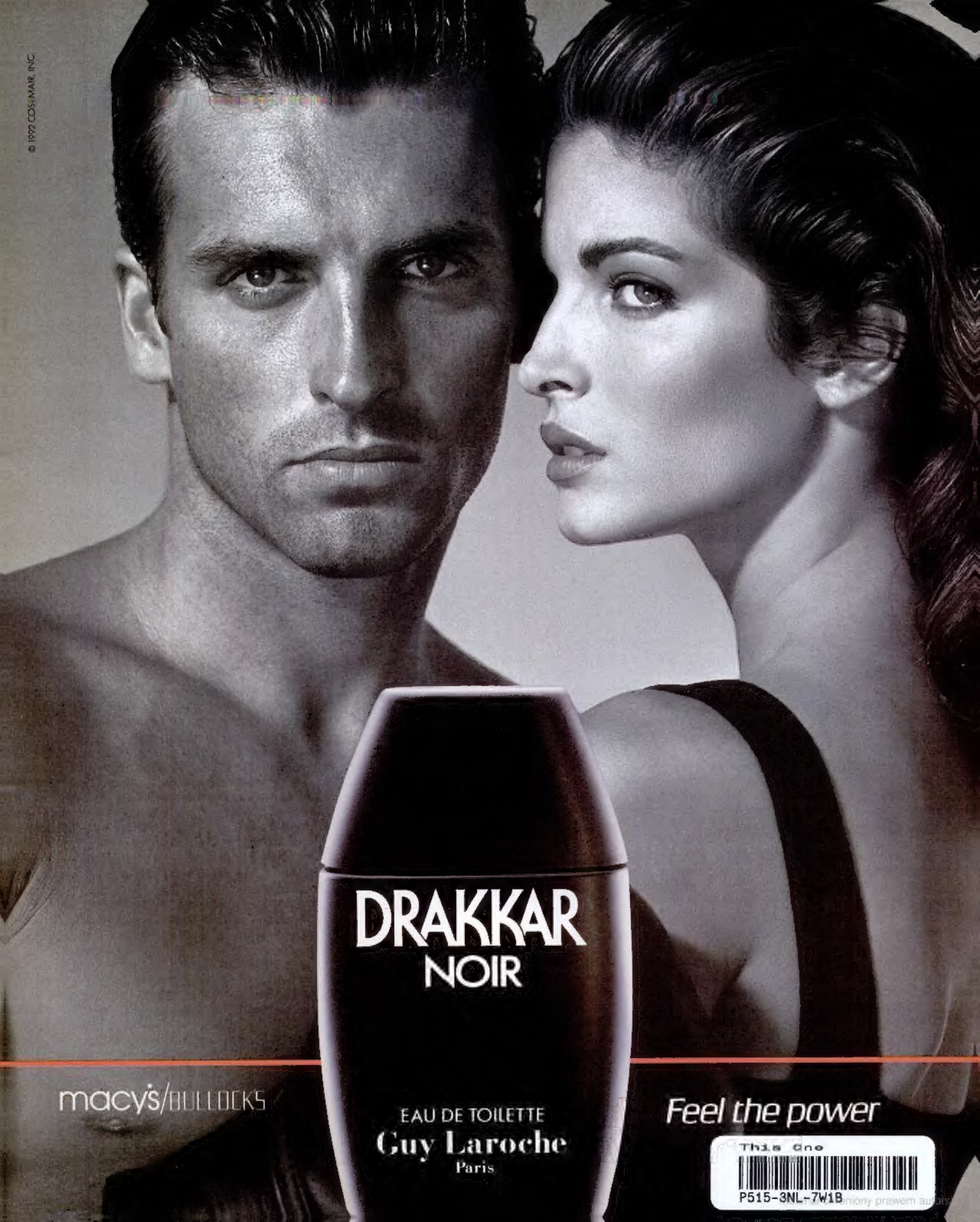

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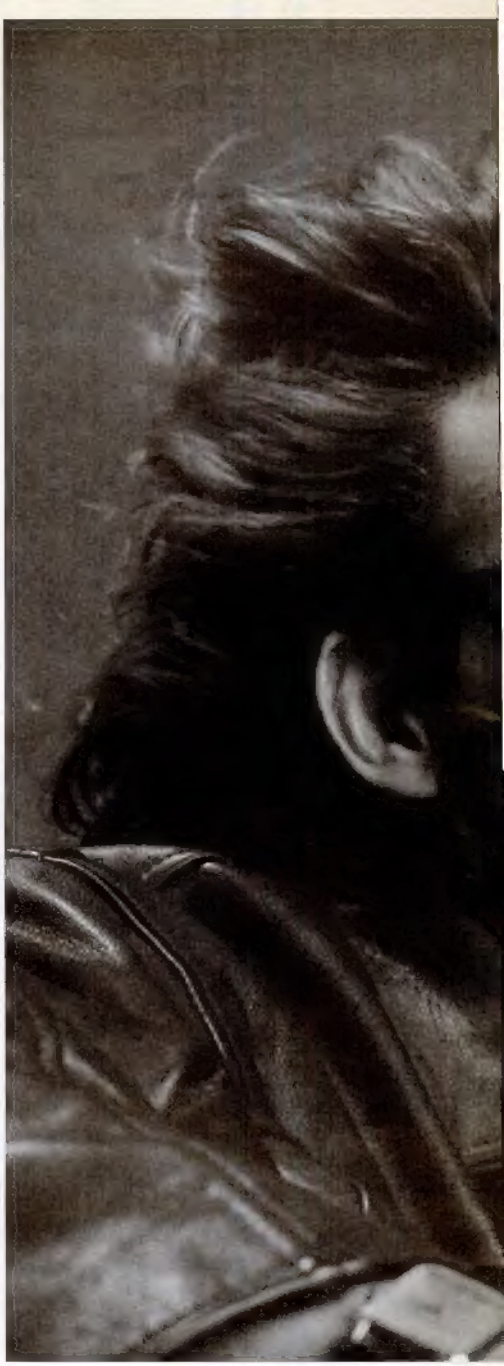

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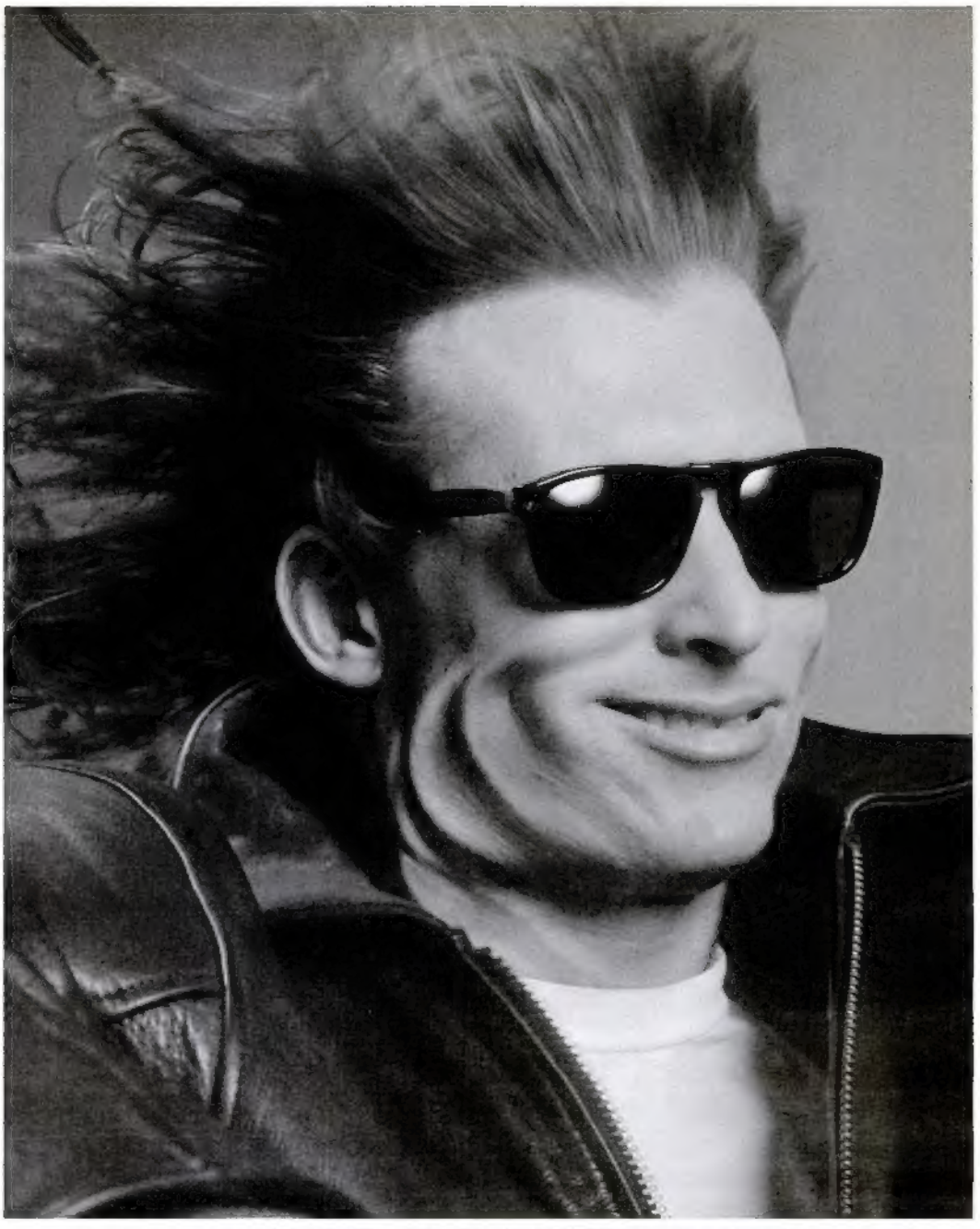

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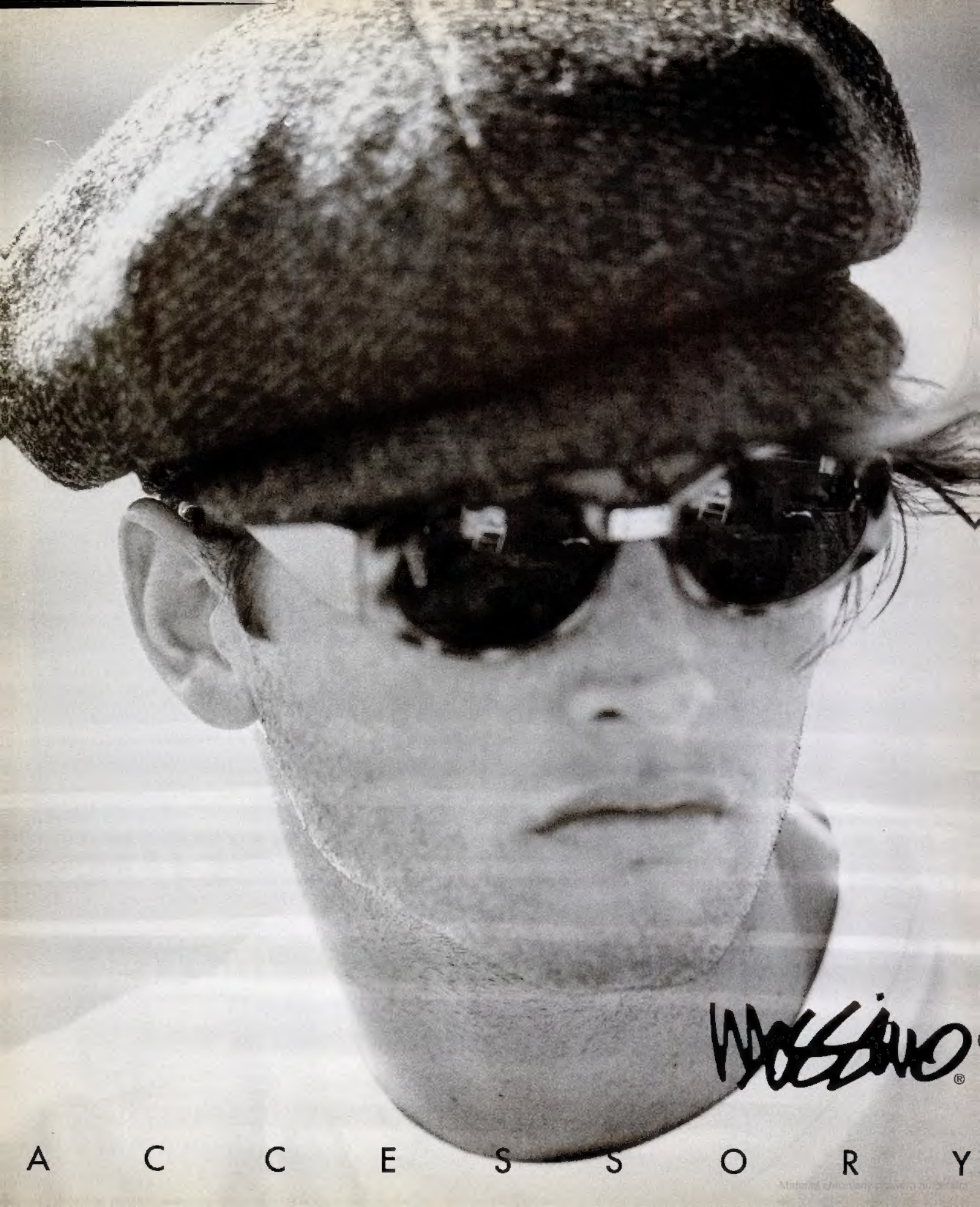
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Cover photograph by Pamela Springsteen; above photograph by Enrique Badulescu.

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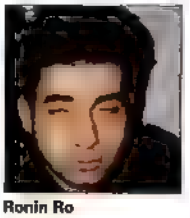
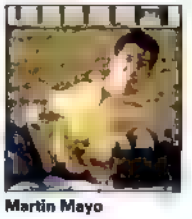
TALE SPINNERS

For this month's cover story (*page 34*), Contributing Editor **Bob Mack** hung out on and off for over a year with the Beastie Boys. Mack says that before he met the Beasties, he occasionally listened to Funkadelic, wore Adidas Super Star shell-toes, and tried to talk like a B-boy. "But now I do those things all the time," he reports. Mexican photographer **Enrique Badulescu** shot the inside photos of the Beasties. Badulescu just finished work on Nike International's ad campaign and was recently highlighted in *The Idealizing Vision: The Art of Fashion Photography* as one of the world's most promising young photographers. **Pamela Springsteen**, who photographed Ice Cube for the March issue of SPIN, shot the Beastie Boys cover. • Hip hop writer **Ronin Ro** reveals the yin and yang of rap-tivist KRS-One's persona (*page 55*). Of his meeting with the sometimes violent founder of rap's Stop the Violence movement, Ro says, "I wanted to be fair to him without kissin' his ass." Ro has written for the *Source*, *Dance Music Report*, and *2-Hype*. • Contributing Editor **Jonathan Bernstein** basks in the world of darkness this month, interviewing both the father of goth rock, Peter Murphy (*page 60*), and the director of *Hellraiser 3: Hell on Earth*, Anthony Hickox (*page 69*). The meetings confirmed what the Scottish writer always suspected: "The English are scary people." Bernstein also reports in this issue on the sophomore effort of the Charlatans UK (*page 48*). • **Bart Everly** photographed English superstars James (*page 51*), coming soon to an American venue near you. • **Martin Mayo** illustrated SPIN's Back Page, a satirical look at horoscopes (*page 92*), with a color painting of Taurus the bull. "Bull" is precisely what Associate Editor **Mark Blackwell**, the writer of this month's forecast, thinks of astrology. • In Words From the Front (*page 65*), **Reuben Steiger** looks at biologist George Pieczenik's controversial AIDS treatment that uses the blood of healthy HIV-positive patients to treat people who are ill. "It was fascinating to explore both the science and ethics of this story," he says. Steiger works as a free-lance journalist in Boston, where he also performs stand-up comedy. He is currently organizing a Rollerblade benefit race in Boston called Blades for AIDS.

Enrique Badulescu


Ronin Ro

Bart Everly


Martin Mayo

Reuben Steiger

Employee of the Month is Advertising Assistant and astrology maven Rose Bleszcz (pronounced "blush"), who will not appreciate the Back Page this month. Like a Virgo, Spin's blushing Rose holds the ad department together like glue.

C.J. WRAY

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TOP SPIN

A recent ACT UP poster sends mixed signals on AZT.

Aldous Huxley was right. In a foreword to one of the later editions of *Brave New World*, he wrote: "A really efficient totalitarian state would be one in which the all-powerful executive of political bosses and their army of managers control a population of slaves who do not have to be coerced because they love their servitude."

The Soviet Communist dictatorship failed, I believe, primarily because it relied on brute force, overt oppression, and obvious, clumsy methods of propaganda to achieve its enslavement. It was only a matter of time before the lid would blast off. But imagine a society where all forms of rebellion are not only tolerated but encouraged, then absorbed, incorporated, commercialized, and fed right back to the public through a media that acts as a giant muffler of all discontent. Horror. Go ahead and scream—we'll make a sound bite out of it. We'll make a talk show out of it. Everything will be absorbed and nothing will ever happen, except on TV.

I have been asked how I feel about the very controversial Benetton ad—the one that's in this issue, featuring a real-life AIDS patient on his deathbed. No, I am not shocked, incensed, horrified. The saddest thing about the ad is that it does not matter. It is a picture, after all—an image. People react to images that are projections of reality—having seemingly lost the ability to react to reality itself. It's as if experience has eluded us and left us hungry for commercial images of hope, glamour, excitement, love, beauty, et cetera. Benetton did something very radical with this campaign; they completed the advertising feedback loop by incorporating the previously unheard of elements of pain and suffering into the imageology. They recognized that life in this country has been absorbed by advertising, and they said well, may as well make it *all of life*.

AIDS activism is another interesting case of the absorbtion phenomenon. AIDS activism is said to be the largest, most acute expression of political discontent in this era. And yet, the projection of the movement—the image-ology—seems to interest people far more than the underlying issues. People say of AIDS activists, for instance, "Their graphics are terrific." Or, "They're really fun to watch." ACT UP is entertainment! They've been absorbed. Declawed. It's a real pity because I believe their intention was to wake people up, but the howl was dulled by a blizzard of stickers, graphics, T-shirts, sound bites,and government cocktail parties. In the belief that they were "using the media," they designed a movement that the media would like: Articulate, handsome people, simple slogans, dramatic theatrics—they even supplied their own photographs. But we don't use the media: The media uses us. And the government uses the media. If AIDS activism did not exist, as a vent system for AIDS fury, the government would have reason to worry. As it is, they're grinning from ear to ear.

In 1989, SPIN published an article that was sharply critical of AZT, the government's panacea, and the *faux* science that led to its approval. One of our main points was that no scientific data had proven that AZT, as claimed, "prolonged survival." We wrote that given that the drug is an incredibly toxic, ineffective, carcinogenic, and expensive agent, people with AIDS should proceed with caution, to say the least. Particularly people with few or no symptoms.

Around this time, posters went up in subways, buses, everywhere, urging people to take AZT. One poster, endorsed by several AIDS organizations and the drug's maker, Burroughs Wellcome, featured two pictures of an HIV-positive man—one in black and white, head hung in despair, one in color, head held high, beaming. The text urged you all to get tested for HIV antibodies because these days, early intervention with a new medication could "add years to your life."

Upon publication of our article, we heard nothing from Burroughs Wellcome, nothing from the government institutions responsible—they needn't have bothered. In an astonishing display of Huxley-esque bewilderment, the AIDS activist movement itself rallied behind the government's party line in defense of AZT. Scientific fact became all but irrelevant.

In the media coverage that ensued, an ACT UP spokesperson denounced the article as irresponsible and misleading, a spokesperson for the Gay Men's Health Crisis called us in near hysterics and swore he would destroy us with a rebuttal (it never surfaced), and the nation's leading gay periodical, the *Advocate*, printed a scathing attack, but failed to point out a single factual error.

Critics of AZT were said to be guilty of murder for "scaring people away from the only drug that may prolong their lives." A gay weekly, the *New York Native*, which was the first to slam the drug, was boycotted by its own community. Now, turn the page. It's nearly three years later.

You probably missed the 20-second news bulletin on February 12. A four-year study has concluded that AZT *does not prolong survival in AIDS patients*.

A four-year trial designed to determine when in the course of AIDS development AZT is best administered was carried out by the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs. Some 338 HIV-positive patients were divided into two groups, one receiving AZT right away, and the other only when their CD4 (immune cell) counts fell below 200. Result: More people died in the group that started taking AZT early (23), compared with those that started later (20).

It is said that repetition creates truth—it doesn't—there is no substitute for truth. But build a repetition on an illusion or a half-truth and you'll have a tightly fossilized lie that will take time to blast away. But the beauty of it all is that sooner or later, truth will out. Despite the government, despite the media, despite political organizations, despite everything.

—Celia Farber

THE BOHEMIAN SPIRIT.
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POINT BLANK LETTERS

Uh-Huh

Thanks for the John Mellencamp article [February '92]! It is amazing how many great songs he has given us in the past dozen years. At an age when many artists start going dry, Mellencamp has proved there's lots more left to look forward to

The only disappointment is that relatively few teenagers have tuned into Mellencamp's music. If there ever were a group that need a dose of optimism and a swift kick in the butt, it's today's teens. Come on, kids, listen to "Rumble Seat," just once.

JAMES L. GOTHREAU
PUTNAM, CONNECTICUT

Every Mellencamp interview leaves me more confused about the man. It must be difficult to live with each foot planted in a very different world and not feel conflict. But I've decided that it's not as important to know the man behind the music, as it is that the music gives me something As long as a song, or a line of a song, brings something to me personally, or even if the music just makes me feel good, I'll keep listening

T.K. CALKUM
MILWAUKEE, OREGON

Anything but Love

"If you could legally murder anyone, who would it be?" has to be about the stupidest question I have ever heard. Ann Magnuson deserves every ounce of Soundgarden's sarcasm [February '92].

FRANCIS PIZZANI
SOUTH POMFRET, VERMONT

Thumbs up to Ann Magnuson! Now I'm going to put the picture of Chris Cornell up on my wall and dream about licking his nipples.

JANA MONG
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

My initial reaction reading Ann Magnuson's rather serpentine trashing of Soundgarden, one of my favorite bands, was "What a bitch." In retrospect, however, I cannot remember a line which sums up so honestly the current state of progressive rock than her final, subtle indictment of the "infernal indifference" that seems to pervade much of progressive rock culture. Magnuson reminded me of a very simple fact that I'm afraid I may have lost sight of somehow: that you can totally love the music without having to admire a band's personality or philosophy or the obvious lack thereof.

CHRISTOPHER DIVERS
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Blissed Out

Thanks for your article about the Manchester scene and what it has become [February '92]. My last weekend is a blur of one continuous rave, although I dare not say "rave" because it's not at all the terror you suggest. So what if we're all "E'd" out of our heads?

CERAH CAMPBELL
LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA

Two Sides to Every Story

Next time you do a readers poll, please don't put the response form on the back of one of your Antihero stories! Danny Schechter's report on the Desert Storm media coverage [February '92] was tremendous and eye-opening But I won't be able to read it again, due to my duty as a loyal SPIN subcriber to fill out your poll.

JOHN STUBBLEFIELD
CINCINNATI, OHIO

The Soundgarden guys with their shirts *on*.

Today's Tom Sawyer

Bob Mack's article "Confessions of a Rush Fan" [March '92] struck a familiar chord with me. To admit one is a Rush fan these days usually elicits stares or a polite brush-off. Perhaps Rush is destined to be eternally unhip, but for those of us who are diehards, they are icons of the alternative.

STEVEN B. BAY
COLLINSVILLE, ILLINOIS

South Africa Now

I would like to respond to your article on Winnie Mandela ["The Club," January '92]. I recently had the opportunity to hear a South African woman speak about her homeland and she made a very strong point. There are all these spotlights being thrown onto Winnie Mandela and the crimes she is believed to have committed. What about the crimes the South African government was and still is committing? It would do us good to step back and look at the *whole* picture!

KARINA S. BERTSCH
TEMPE, ARIZONA

Magic and Loss

I would like to congratulate you on your Topspin editorial regarding Magic Johnson [January '92]. Despite Magic Johnson's decision to become a spokesperson for AIDS awareness, we still are very ignorant of the link between HIV and AIDS. We have nowhere near enough proof that HIV causes AIDS, and we are even less sure that AZT will help rather than hinder those with HIV or full-blown AIDS.

KAREN HILLMAN
HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND

Get off this Magic Johnson kick, already!

For years, AIDS activists preached "safe sex" and Johnson ignored them. Then he tested positive—now he's their spokesman. Seems a bit like someone who goes out and shoots a bunch of innocent people, then becomes an advocate for handgun control.

Just because a famous athelete who sleeps around indiscriminately tests HIV-positive does not mean we are all at equal risk.

IRWIN CHUS D
MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Hey, Bob Guccione, Jr.! I am not blowing smoke in your face, but let me just say that I was impressed as heck by your article disputing the difference between AIDS and HIV-positive status. You were delicate, yet brutally honest.

In this misinformed world, we need more journalists that are willing to take the risks and investigate the unknown and unfamiliar.

Thanks!
God bless!

JEN RYJEWSKI
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, ILLINOIS

I am writing to say thanks for having the balls to print Katie Leishman's article on Sal Catapano in November 1988. I've researched, studied, talked, listened, and read—and truly believe that Sal's treatment can help a lot of people. But from my limited experience, the antisex crowd is very powerful. We need Sal's treatment, but we still need AIDS awareness. Thanks, Bob, for breaking through and letting people know that having AIDS doesn't mean feeling like a piece of shit before you die.

NEIL R. BARRY
THE ANATONICS FOUNDATION
SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS

Ice Capades

Racism is not by accident. It is a very powerful tool employed by the powers that be. Ice Cube is not a prophet. He is a dupe, and if Michael Pakenham [Topspin, February '92] thinks he can rationalize this verbal sewage he is an idiot.

SIMON RITT
SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

You clearly have been going by what everyone else thinks of Ice Cube [Spins, January '92]. His new album has positive messages and does not promote violence in any way. "Black Korea" is obviously not a racist complaint about having to go to Korean markets for beer. There is a straightforward message that he dislikes Korean shop owners because they look at him as a thief. This is something I go through every day in my hometown.

JOHN MASTERS
PURCELLVILLE, VIRGINIA

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EDITED BY MARK BLACKWELL

hip priests

The dream weavers of the Church put forth their most cohesive sermon to date. Try to stay awake.

I may live on until I long for this time in which I am so unhappy and remember it fondly.
—saying on a menu in a Japanese restaurant

I'm trying really hard to get to know these four reasonably quiet guys who are eating Japanese food with me. That's my job—to find stuff out about bands and tell you, the reader, all about them. So on the eve of the release of the Church's *Priest=Aura*, I hang out with the group. My ice-breaking question to singer and bassist Steve Kilbey is something along the lines of "So are there really, like, kangaroos and stuff in Australia?" I don't think that gets me off on the correct intellectual foot with him, but that's okay.

The Church's sound has always been low-key, layered, and dreamy. However upbeat the songs have gotten over the band's 12-year history, there's always been a gloomy undercurrent of loss and sadness. Not sad in a painful, Nick Cave way, or even in an overt, Cure-like fashion. Like the Cure, though, much of the mood is set by the tone of the vocals. Whereas Robert Smith gets crazily frustrated to the breaking point, the Church's Kilbey remains icy and self-assured, stating somber truths, like a Nostradamus in some ambiguous netherworld.

"People like the fact that we make dark, brooding music, but when they meet us they expect us to be, like, 'Hi! I'm really happy!' " says Kilbey. "If you make miserable, dark, angry, compulsive music, or whatever it is—you're probably going to be like that."

I hazard a stab at labeling the band's music with a word that sounds like an insult but isn't intended as one: *dismal*.

"We've got the market cornered on being dismal," agrees Kilbey as the rest of the group chuckles. "We're not *sad* people, exactly. I envy those guys who are like, 'Hey! Hi!' I'd like to be like that."

"We go to radio stations, and these exuberant DJs expect us to fit in with the pace of their show," says guitarist Marty Willson-Piper. "They're like 'Yeah! Having a good time, guys?' and we usually just sort of sit there. It's embarrassing."

"Not everybody's going to like us," says Kilbey, "but if people don't know anything about us, maybe more will. We wouldn't want to put anyone off by talking."

A parade of Japanese waiters march out with a birthday cake for some guy, to the avid approval of most in the restaurant.

"We're the kind of guys who don't clap in restaurants," quips Piper.

"I can see the article now," says Kilbey. "The Japanese sing 'Happy Birthday' while the Church sits around dismally sour."

In these pages over the past few months, the term "afraid to rock" has been batted around to describe English bands like Moose, who, however enjoyable, never quite brave it out of first gear. The Church exists in a similar plane, yet instead of being *afraid* to rock, they just have no *interest* in rocking.

"My favorite thing in the world is that state between asleep and awake," says Kilbey, who admits to having once wanted to be a Bowie/Bolan—esque rock star. "That's where I want our music to put people. It all happens in a dreamy, hazy place."

"In that tunnel to the nonlogical part of your brain," adds new drummer Jay Dee Daugherty.

Guitarist Peter Koppes says the music flows from a "controlled spontaneity" that occurs when the band gets together, aided by the fact that its members live in different parts of the world—Kilbey and Koppes in Australia, Piper in Sweden, and Daugherty in New York.

"Trying to explain the appeal of music is like trying to tell someone what a drug does," says Kilbey. "The reason the Church is still around is that there's a minority we turn on like that—in some unspoken way. What people overlook is that though our music can be broadly termed sad—sad things make people happy. That's a weird paradox, but it's very true."

MARK BLACKWELL

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL LAVINE

The Church, *clockwise from top left:* Steve Kilbey, Peter Koppes, Jay Dee Daugherty, and Marty Willson-Piper.

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SPIN06

Ween *The Pod* (Shimmy-Disc). In case you've been living under a rock and haven't heard, Ween is the greatest band on earth. On *The Pod*, these two Pennsylvania boys perform beautifully twisted songs—volatile and distorted textures of fantasy, paranoia, and food—that will alter your perceptions of reality and music forever. "Pork Roll, Egg, and Cheese" sounds like Abba doing a commercial for cholesterol. (McIntyre)

The Munich Philharmonic Orchestra *The Munich Philharmonic Orchestra Plays Abba Classic* (Atlantic). The first album I ever bought was *Abba's Greatest Hits, Volume 1* when I was 11 years old in 1976. I got it from a grocery store and first listened to it at my grandmother's house. So naturally these orchestral versions of classics such as "S.O.S." bring sentimental tears to my eyes. Surely they'll make you cry, too. (Blackwell)

HEAVY ROTATION

STAFF SELECTIONS

The Cail *Red Moon* (MCA). I don't know why the guys in the Cail have never made it big. If they were as big as their sound, they'd be huge. If they were as big as their talent, they'd be a stadium band. *Red Moon* isn't new (1990), but if it is to you, go get it. Great blues-based rock'n'roll, sexily restrained. The more I listen to "Red Moon" and "The Hand That Feeds You," the more I love them. (Guccione)

Rollins Band *The End of Silence* (Imago). More like a way of life than just an album, this new release slams wise words and power chords through the little holes in your speakers and your head. Actually some pretty melodic stuff's happening here—there's even an 11-minute "Blues Jam"—but this is still noisy as hell. It'd shatter the silence, for sure. (Spencer)

Lava Love *Aphrodisia* (Sky). Just as you were skeptical of taking Mom's cough medicine because of its suspected bad taste, you may be wary of trying a dose of *Aphrodisia* because of the relentless comparisons (Go-Go's, Blondie, Blake Babies). But this Georgian quintet distances itself from the others with a harder-edged pop sound, impressive musicianship, and stronger writing. Don't be afraid—Mom always knows best. (Evers)

Jonestown *All Day Sucker* (Project A-Bomb). While Jonestown's spazz-core stomp is still probably better experienced live, Jon "Mekons" Langford's production on *All Day Sucker* captures the band's intensity better than any previous recorded efforts. Trombone, frenetic slide guitar, melodica, dorky pseudopolitical vocals—this Minneapolis band knows how to have a good time. Unsoothing music for unsoothing times. (Greer)

THE SECOND COMING

MC 900 Ft. Jesus returns to the scene with some genre-bending grooves.

If you'd told Cincinnati-based trumpet-player-for-hire Mark Griffin a few years ago that someday he'd be calling himself MC 900 Ft. Jesus and would be known for expanding the barriers of rap, hip hop, and dance, he'd have thought you were crazy. Even now, after the release of his second album, he is still bemused by the idea and would rather talk about books. Not being prescient, he couldn't have foreseen the circumstances that have thus far culminated in his *Welcome to My Dream*.

Sometime in the mid-1980s, Griffin left Ohio "on a whim" for Dallas, considered getting his master's degree in music theory, then scrapped that idea and got a job in an electronics factory. "I let my mind clear," he recalls. "Then I came to the realization that for better or worse, I was a musician. That's what I wanted, even if I spent the rest of my life being mediocre."

After playing in local bands, he ended up working in a record store, where he was exposed to alternative music, something not covered in his orchestral training.

"I was listening to a lot of industrial and rap stuff, and I found myself thinking I could do better with one hand tied behind my back," he says.

He bought a sampler and conned a friend into financing an EP, which caused more of a reaction than he expected, including a major contract and a budget to make 1990's *Hell With the Lid Off*.

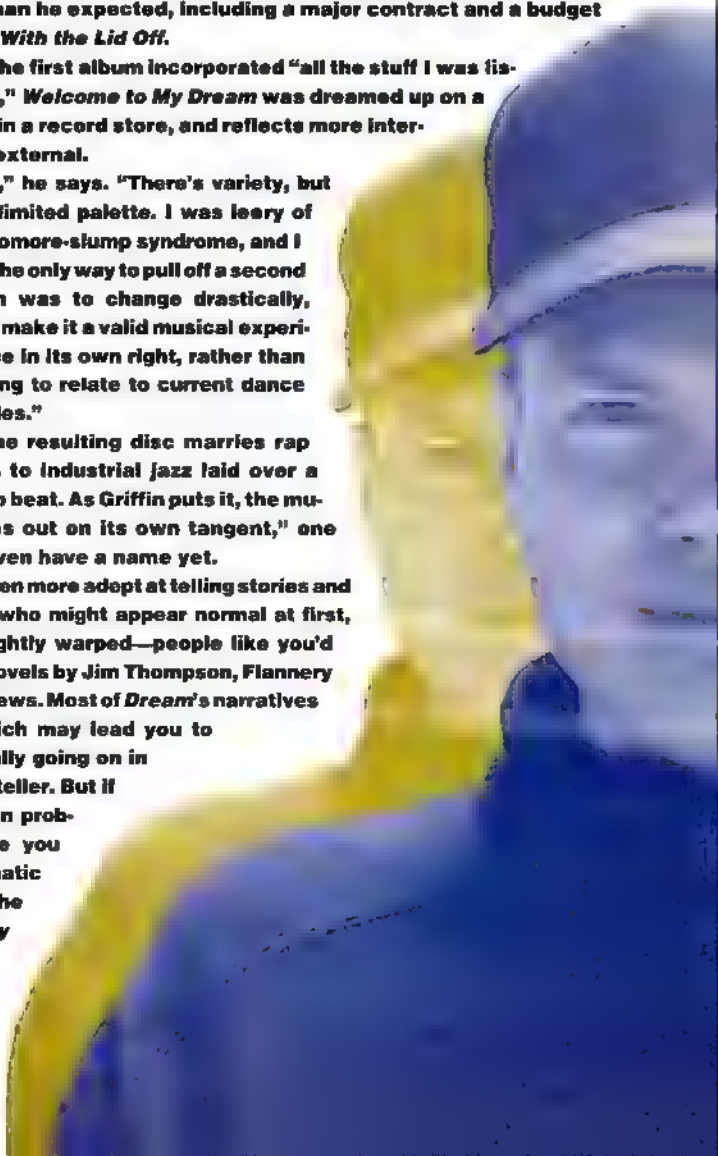
While Griffin says the first album incorporated "all the stuff I was listening to at the time," *Welcome to My Dream* was dreamed up on a tour bus rather than in a record store, and reflects more internal influences than external.

"It's more focused," he says. "There's variety, but it's a more limited palette. I was leery of the sophomore-slump syndrome, and I knew the only way to pull off a second album was to change drastically, and make it a valid musical experience in its own right, rather than trying to relate to current dance styles."

The resulting disc marries rap lyrics to industrial jazz laid over a hip hop beat. As Griffin puts it, the music "strikes out on its own tangent," one that doesn't even have a name yet.

Griffin has also gotten more adept at telling stories and creating characters who might appear normal at first, but are in reality slightly warped—people like you'd meet in his favorite novels by Jim Thompson, Flannery O'Connor, or Harry Crews. Most of *Dream*'s narratives are first person, which may lead you to wonder what's actually going on in the mind of the storyteller. But if you asked him, Griffin probably would just give you one of his enigmatic smiles and change the subject. He *really* would rather talk about books.

KAREN WOODS



MICHELLE TAYLOR

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R A D I O
G R A F F I T I

das efx

I jus' got off tha train & I'm carryin' a cue ball in a sock—ready to launch a "nigga" intuh outer spase. I'm blastin' my Sony an' thinkin' 'bout DAS EFX. This iz tha thickest butter I've ever tasted! All I gotta do iz throw on "Brooklyn 2 T-Neck" an' wait for sum sucker to step to me so I can bus' hiz snot box! If anybody fruntz: "I riggedy roll on punks just like a speedstick / I giggedy got the cock so niggedy knock if you need it." Don't get tha message? Then yoo ain't up on DAS EFX! Ice Cube, Kool G Rap, Tim Dog—none uv 'em can swim wit' this.

DAS EFX is Skoob (frum Brooklyn, New York) and Dray (frum Teaneck, New Jersey), two Virginia State students who entered a Richmond rap battle las' year for a $100 prize. Tha bros didn't win but got something better: guest judges Parrish an' Erick frum EPMD spotted their talent an' sent them to tha big tyme.

Dead Serious: Skoob, *left*, and Krazy Drayz.

"We rhyme alike," Skoob told me. "I can be in Jersey writing a rhyme & Dray'll be writing in Brooklyn and we won't tell each other what we're doin', and we'll still write in the same style."

On its new album, *Dead Serious*, the dynamic duo uses schitt frum *Yogi Bear*, old nursery rhymes, the Nyquil commercial, and TV sitcom'z.

"That'z all in there, but on a serious tip," Skoob explained. "If we're gonna say something we want you to listen. We could take four hours doin' only two lines. It'z no fun and games."

For me neither. I'm walkin' to tha bodega an' I see a coupla niggaz comin' up tha block wit' hoodies 'n' ski maskz. I reach for tha boulder in my jacket, an' turn up tha DAS EFX. They're comin' closer. Seemz I can almost recognize 'em. I take one last deep breath before I launch. . . . "Oh, schitt! What's up y'all! I wuz just thinkin' about yoo!"

BÖNZ MALONE

Amnesty Corner

Last year SPIN pledged to help Amnesty International work for the release of six prisoners of conscience. Each month we update you on the status of these victims of tyranny, injustice, and, in some cases, torture, and ask you to write letters of support for one (or more) of your choice—in effect adopting your own prisoner of conscience. You can also contact Amnesty International, U.S.A. (322 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10001; 1-800-55-AMNESTY) to learn other ways you can help. Protest works. Lots of protest works better, faster.

This month A.I. reports that Syria has released all 60 of its women prisoners of conscience. This did not, however, affect the situation of Riad al-Turk. In Malawi, there has also been no change in the status of Orton and Vera Chirwa, even though other native African jurists and professors have recently been freed.

A.I. has also learned that Nobel Peace Prize winner Aung San Suu Kyi, under house arrest in Myanmar, receives occasional communication from her husband, but otherwise has no contact with the outside world. The governments of India, Germany, and Great Britain have called for her release.

Still no further news on poet Nguyen Chi Thien, believed to have been released from prison in Vietnam, or Mexican political activist Jose Ramón Garcia, rumored to have been killed in the city of Caustia, in Morelos, Mexico. Amnesty requests that readers suspend letter-writing on behalf of Thien but continue writing the Mexican president to ensure a full investigation.

Please support our efforts to free the remaining four prisoners. Every letter counts.

Riad al-Turk
President Hafez al-Assad; Presidential Palace; Damascus, Syrian Arab Republic

Orton Chirwa and Vera Chirwa
H.E. the Life President; Ngwazi Dr. Kamuzu Banda; Life President of the Republic of Malawi; Office of the President and Cabinet; Private Bag 388; Lilongwe 3, Malawi

Aung San Suu Kyi
General Saw Maung, Chairman; State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC); c/o Ministry of Defense; Signal Pagoda Road; Yangon, Union of Myanmar (Burma)

José Ramón Garcia
Lic. Carlos Salinas de Gortari; President de la Republica; Palacio Nacional; 06067 Mexico DF, Mexico

DEAR ELVIS,

Do you like the idea of the post office putting you on a stamp?
Mia Laaf
Portland, Oregon

Well, darling, letters are real good to write to people, and a man sure as hell can't mail nothing without putting a postage stamp on it. I always liked them ones with pictures of space astronauts on there, and one time I saw one with a dinosaur that was real pretty and colorful, too. As far as them going and sticking my big ol' head on a stamp, well, I really don't give a damn, to tell you the truth. I ain't getting no cut out of the profits or nothing, but then again it don't hurt nobody and it's right flattering. I don't mean no offense, but seems like a lot of people out there spend half their time licking my rear end anyway, so it might as well go to some use. I'd rather have my picture on a stamp than on the back of a damn milk carton or a two-dollar bill, that's for sure.

Smoke on the water,
Elvis

DANNY CLINCH

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Others See It As A Way Up.
For some, winning is the only way.
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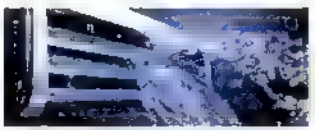

than any others—allowing water to flow freely around and through them, for effortless cleaning and rinsing.

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The best shave a man can get.

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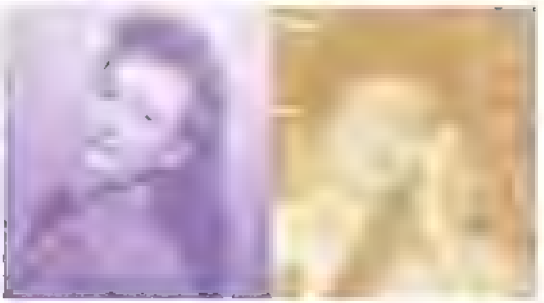
Gillette

The Best a Man Can Get™

GRANNY GUITAR

Who's that babe in the Bud commercial trading licks with kitschy ex–Stray Cat axman Brian Setzer? None other than our pick for obscure original rock'n'roll icon No. 1: Ms. Cordell Jackson.

The 68-year-old rockabilly guitarist was founder of the legendary Memphis rock'n'roll label Moon Records in the late '50s. Her own gems on wax include 1956's "Rock and Roll Christmas" and 1958's "The Last Cut." Jackson came out of semiretirement (she never stopped playing in Memphis) in the early '80s, and a couple of visits to New York as opening act for Tav Falco's Panther Burns stirred up renewed interest outside her circle of core fans. While most rock icons of the early years have reduced themselves to churning out commodity versions of their stale hits, these days Jackson kicks out the jams on her vintage red Hagstrom with the same fevered energy as she did when most of us were mere gleams in our fathers' eyes.



Then and now.

"I'm thinking of putting out all the old stuff on CD," says the guitar goddess. "People are really interested in these wild sounds, but most kids don't even have turntables."

West Coast punk label, Sympathy for the Record Industry, released a two-song single of fresh Jackson material last fall, and another new Jackson disc, which she cryptically describes as "a comedy album in the sports field," will be available this summer. Jackson's Moon Records has a mail-order catalog, yours for the asking, chockfull of goodies such as the video for her raunchy instrumental "Split," her back catalog on vinyl, and a compilation album of the Moon sounds of the '50s. Write to *Moon Records, 3333 Scenic Highway, Memphis, TN 38128.*

JOHAN KUGELBERG

kidjo stuff

Angelique Kidjo's favorite American phrase is "Go for it," and she slips it into her African-French–inflected conversation often. When she was a little girl in Benin, West Africa, Kidjo listened to Otis Redding, the Rolling Stones, and James Brown. She couldn't understand the words, but says she'd "go for it" and sing along phonetically. And, when Branford Marsalis offered to play sax on her new album, she had to "go for it." It might seem that this repetition in the 28-year-old singer's speech reflects a limited vocabulary (English is her third language), but the significance lies more in the ambition these simple words represent.

In West African society, being a professional musician is equal to being a prostitute. "Music is not something with which you are supposed to get money," Kidjo explains. "Our morality is based on song. When you want to take a part of your tradition and put it to modern music, then trouble starts."

In her early 20s, Kidjo felt stifled by a mix of unshakable cultural traditionalism and rising political intolerance, so she moved to Paris—a popular haunt of Africa's expatriate musicians. By 1989, she had congregated her current six-piece lineup (including her husband, French bassist Jean Hebrail).

On her debut U.S. album, *Logozo*, Kidjo sings in her native tongues, Fon and Swahili. The music resonates a joyful and bouncy consolidation of traditional Beninese percussion and vocals with rhythmical jazz and quirky salsa funk. Does she consider herself to be a part of world music?

"I like this term 'world music' if it means every kind of musician can come together—the African musician, the Japanese musician, the American musician. If that's what it means, I say, 'Go for it.' "

AMY TALKINGTON

news flashes

Helter Skelter: The soundtrack for *The Manson Family*, John Moran's opera dealing with the wacky world of mass murderer Charles Manson, has just been released. The disturbing work, which was performed in New York two years ago, features the voices of Moran, Terre Roche, original cast member Paige Snell, and Iggy Pop.

In the Studio:

INXS in Sydney (with the 65-piece Australia Concert Orchestra on several cuts); Eazy-E (with Slash and Matt Sorum from Guns N' Roses); Ultra Vivid Scene; Faith No More; and Soul Asylum.

ON THE ROAD

Firehose; Spin Doctors; Social Distortion; Prong; Seattle's Dwarves; Alice Donut; Violent Femmes; L7; The Verlaines; and Bad Religion. On MTV's *120 Minutes* tour: Public Image Ltd., Big Audio Dynamite II, Live, and Blind Melon.

Back in Time: R.E.M. has returned to the studio to begin work on the follow-up to 1991's megaplatinum *Out of Time*. The band recently recorded nearly 30 demos at John Keane's studio in Athens, Georgia, of which "only a couple sound like R.E.M.," according to guitarist Peter Buck. The new songs, says Buck, include some "weird Arabic funk tunes," which may or may not make the final cut—the band expects to whittle the number of songs down to about a dozen before making the album. Scott Litt will once again work as co-producer. Expect a release sometime this fall.

Still Seeing No Evil After All These Years: The new album by Television, the sort-of-punk band whose 1977 album *Marquee Moon* knocked the socks off of everyone that mattered, is due out late this summer. The reunited legendary lineup, which split apart in 1978, consists of Richard Lloyd, Tom Verlaine, Billy Ficca, and Fred Smith. Keep your fingers crossed—these guys have a lot to live up to.

Television at Max's Kansas City '77

SPIN PATROL

Cameras Are Heavy: During the making of the video for L7's "Pretend We're Dead," from the album *Bricks Are Heavy*, L7 guitarist Suzi Gardner almost didn't have to pretend when she was struck by a hefty, out-of-control camera crane. The severely bruised Gardner received cheekbone fractions and required 17 stitches in her head. • **Death Wish:** The Jesus and Mary Chain's "Reverence" was banned from Britain's *Top of the Pops* because of its lines "I wanna die just like Jesus Christ / I wanna die just like JFK." The British Broadcasting Corporation didn't think the references were suitable for a show viewed by children. • **Three Is Enough:** The Triplets, everyone's favorite Mexican-group-comprised-of-three-sisters-born-seven-minutes-apart, are looking into developing and starring in a television series based on their collective life. The trio is presently in Los Angeles learning how to act. • **Jeepers Creepers:** A woman riding in the back of an East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, city bus recently began screaming to the driver: "There are two eyes on the back seat!" Sure enough, there were two eyeballs sitting there, with no container or blood in sight. The county coroner determined the peepers to be pig eyes. • **Farm Aid III:** Faced ▶

The Triplets

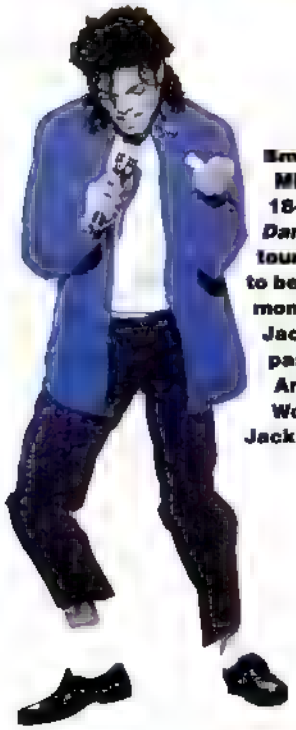
Droppin' Science: Fab 5 Freddy's *Fresh Fly Flavor: Words and Phrases of the Hip Hop Generation* (Longmeadow Press) thoroughly documents and defines the slang of the rap world—from "action" to "zooted"—and presents complete discographies of notable hip hop acts. Incidentally, in the tradition of rap artists referring to themselves in lyrics, the 96-page book contains 472 pictures of the author (473 if you count the back cover).

BOTTOM RIGHT: ERET ROGERS; ABOVE, LEFT: ANTON CORBIJN

I'm at home watching the news
Then this weird Bud commercial comes on
Bud
Budweiser
KING OF BEERS
I'll be right back
Then I hear this noise
I ask her what it is
I said I didn't miss a thing
I'm watching the game
I need a beer friend
NOT
I'm at the bar
I'm watching the game
I need a beer friend

news flashes

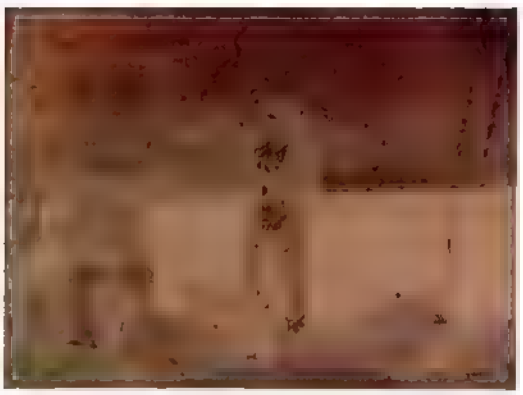
First-Class Elvis: The two final candidates for the Elvis Presley postage stamp were unveiled at the Las Vegas Hilton, on the very same stage where the King sold out 839 performances. On hand for the festivities were Postmaster General Anthony Frank, Colonel Tom Parker, Wayne Newton, Milton Berle, and Barbara Eden. Get down to your local post office by April 24 and exercise your freedom of choice by voting for your favorite.



Smell the Glove: Michael Jackson's 18-month-long *Dangerous* tour is scheduled to begin next month in London. Jackson's caravan will first pass through Europe, Asia, Australia, and Latin America and will help raise money for the Heal the World Foundation, a charity recently created by Jackson to benefit children and the environment.

Ain't That America: Residents of Johnson City, Tennessee, are waging a grass-roots war to get their MTV back on the air. Dallas-based Sammons Communications replaced the channel with the pay-per-request Video Jukebox Network at the beginning of the year, citing contractual disagreements with MTV. John Mellencamp played a free local show in support of the oppressed masses. Paula Abdul, Rod Stewart, and Phil Collins have also made radio and television appeals to have the channel reinstated.

Wannabe Brains: Legendary punk-metal-Rasta outfit Bad Brains held a well-attended, two-day open call for a new lead throat at New York night spot Wetlands. The group has been unsuccessful in attempts to replace original front man Ras Hailu Gabrial Joseph I (a.k.a. H.R.)—including forays with ex–Faith No More vocalist Chuck Mosely and skate punker Chuck Treece. The hopefuls at Wetlands ranged from middle-aged men in tight leather pants to a gutsy guy in a mechanized wheelchair. So far no vocalist has been selected.



SPIN PATROL

Paula Estevez?

▶ With a shortage of illegal pharmaceuticals, Malaysian drug addicts have reportedly resorted to sniffing cow dung. Deputy Interior Minister Megat Junid Ayob said that users "wait for the fresh cow dung and quickly put a coconut shell over it, and then sniff the (methane) gas through the hole in the top of the shell." Ayob noted that, to the sniffer, "it is heaven." • **Chris Would Be Cross:** In California, the Berkeley city council has renamed the October 12 Columbus Day holiday "Indigenous Peoples Day" and proclaimed 1992—the 500th anniversary of Columbus's discovery of the Americas—"The Year of Indigenous People." • **Hails Unusual:** The missing remains of former Ethiopian emperor Haile Selasie, overthrown by a Marxist revolution in 1974, have been discovered directly beneath the old office of Lt. Col. Mengistu Haile Mariam, the leader who overthrew him (and who was overthrown himself a year ago). • **The Way That He Loves Her:** Paula Abdul has finally found someone who ain't a cold-hearted snake, Emilio Estevez, and plans to marry the young Sheen soon. Elsewhere in Abduldon, Yvette Marine filed a lawsuit claiming that she sang co-lead vocals on "Vibeology," off Abdul's *Spellbound* album, which went uncredited. • **What Else Indeed:** Bluesman James "Thunderbird" Davis died of a heart attack onstage at the Blues Saloon nightclub in St. Paul, Minnesota, at age 53. Davis was almost finished singing "What Else Is There to Do?" when he collapsed.

Bringing Up Baby: Angela Parker filed suit against Guns N' Roses' Dizzy Reed to secure his financial support of their daughter, Morgan. Parker and Reed's relationship began in 1989 and continued until he left on tour in June 1990. "With the income that Mr. Reed receives," Parker says, "I don't believe asking for $5,000 a month is unreasonable."

BOTTOM LEFT: SARAH KRAFT; ABOVE: LARRY BUSACCA/RETNA

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I'm Pierre. I was born in Jamaica. And lived there until I was ten, with its white beaches, sun, fresh air, pretty women. Because of political trouble there, my parents moved to the States, to Long Island. They chose America thinking it would be a place where their children could get an excellent education. One year I was lucky enough to study in London.

The guys from the local rugby club there taught me the game. The British are so civilized. Until you get them on the playing field. Clean hitting but hard hitting. Traveling around the world is the greatest experience. You learn from different cultures. I'll always be ambitious which I learned here in the States. I still play rugby every weekend, which I picked up in England. But, most importantly I'll always be laid back– which I get from being raised in the West Indies. I suppose that's why I like the Converse® Skidgrip.® They're cool, comfortable, kick-back casual shoes. In a sense they remind me of home. Of white sandy beaches. Sunshine. And girls in bikinis. In short, a little bit of paradise.

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BEEN CAUGHT STEALING

Planning a thieving spree at Tower Records? Better think again.

Testing rules is part of becoming an adult, and for some, shoplifting is a rite of passage. Who do you know who has never indulged in a little five-finger discount at the candy or record store?

To check out the state of the art in anti-shoplifting, SPIN visited the Tower Records in lower Manhattan. Bill Cerkvenik, director of loss prevention for 12 Tower stores, took us to the backroom command center for the $147,000 surveillance system, where a Tower plainclothesman sits in front of a wall of screens punching up views from the store's 41 cameras. Manipulating a joystick and zoom control, he can read the time on a browser's wristwatch.

Nothing's going down, so Cerkvenik pops in a greatest-hits video, and we watch two black-clad girls stealing rock tapes the night before. After the heist, the girls anxiously dance for a few minutes to the in-store music. They're busted on the way out.

Pointing to the Wall of Shame, a Polaroid collection of over 200 thieves, Cerkvenik says the two hardest-hit products are rap tapes and CD box sets. Failed theft attempts have included hiding loot in a fake boom box and even under the seat of a wheelchair. Tower's Most Boosted at press time was the pink Barbra Streisand collection, followed by the Jimi Hendrix *Stages* anthology.

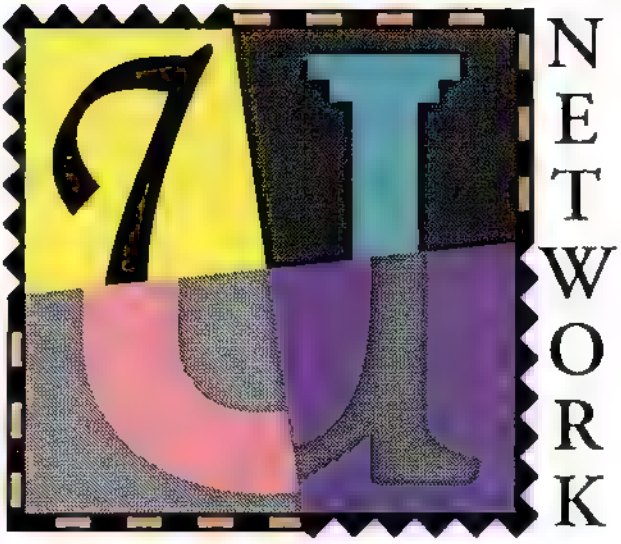
Cerkvenik sounds sincere when he says he'd rather deter potential thieves than arrest them. After all, the local precinct doesn't have time for first offenders. But when he estimates that the store cops nab three out of four criminals, we wonder.

One regular Tower shoplifter tells us, "Everybody's doin' it. If you study the place, you'll figure it out soon enough." That may be, but after seeing Tower's big brother setup, we'd pick some other store.

TODD WILLIAMS AND NATHANIEL WICE

ROLF BAUMANN

The NACB's U Network links hundreds of college campuses across the country.



pump up the nacb

God bless college radio, for it remains one of the most versatile and practical forms of free expression available to our generation. And an equal blessing to the National Association of College Broadcasters, formed in 1988, which is dedicated to the medium's preservation and growth.

"College broadcasters are the creative talent of the future," says NACB executive director Glenn Gutmacher. "If you don't give students an outlet to experiment with programming and promotion, they'll assume commercial format is what they want when they get into the media world. They need this. It's where creativity comes from."

The National Association of College Broadcasters keeps the spirit of student-run radio alive.

Any student wishing to start a college broadcast program is encouraged to contact the NACB. An annual membership of $75 gets you everything you'll need to go on the air: a how-to outline and reference book, a subscription to the NACB's magazine, *College Broadcaster*, reduced rates to conferences, and a station support hot line that offers expert legal and engineering advice and addresses numerous issues, from how to receive school funding to fighting FCC restrictions.

The NACB recently launched a program to expand the impact of college radio by electronically linking up schools across the country. The organization's *U Network* program takes the best of student-produced radio and TV shows and makes them available to any college member with a satellite dish.

So get out there (or stay out there), and express yourself. Read your poems, broadcast your sitcom, play a song that makes you cry at 3:00 A.M. Speak your voice. But most importantly, don't give up. *National Association of College Broadcasters, 71 George St., Second Fl., Providence, RI 02906-1120.*

DANIEL FIDLER

THE COLD ROCK STUFF

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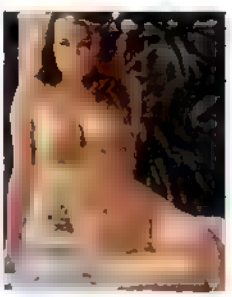
Victoria's Secret
The reason *Playboy* isn't all that cool is that it doesn't leave much to the imagination. For those who simply enjoy looking at beautiful women, we suggest the Victoria's Secret catalog. The shapeliest gals in the world can be found here—hanging out in the bedroom, by the pool, and in the yard—sporting the finest undies around. There's always a couple of pages featuring studly fellas, too. Oh yeah—we've heard the catalog also has order forms or something so that people can order lingerie and stuff. Call 1-800-888-8200.

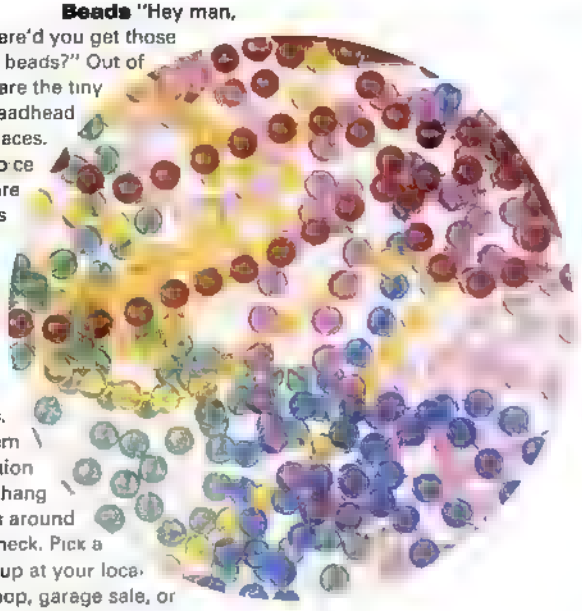


The Anatomy
Need some company? Tack Dimensional Man on your wall. This six-foot, 3-D figure opens like a pop-up book to reveal all his internal organs, muscles, and bones. Then get to work with your multicultı crayons on *The Anatomy Coloring Book* (HarperCollins). For more detail, put on your lab coat and check out the pictures in *Gray's Anatomy*. You can also piece together an anatomical jigsaw puzzle (48 different titles available)—from the Anatomical Chart Co. at 1-800-621 7500.

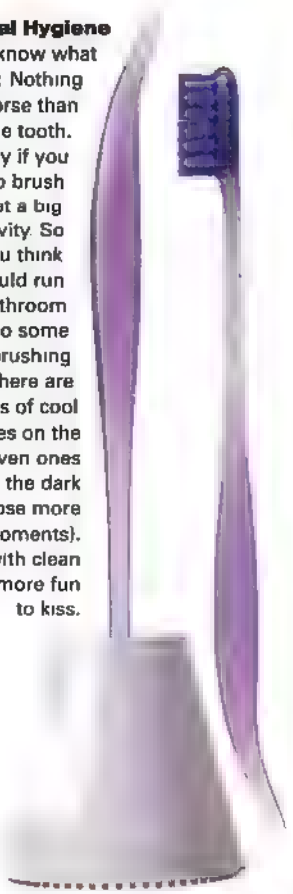
Ooh La La (Max in Love)
Author-artist Maira Kalman (illustrator of David Byrne's book, *Stay Up Late*) is a creator of colorful worlds where childlike fantasy and adult reality dreamily collide. Her *Ooh-La-La (Max in Love)* (Penguin) is the second adventure of Max Stravinsky, the coolest canine poet to ever snub a hydrant. Join this bohemian barker as he sniffs through the museums and night spots of Paris in search of four-legged springtime love. The moral of this story is that kids' books aren't just for kids anymore. Vive le Max.

Compiled by Mark Blackwell, Staci Bonner, Mark Evers, and Kendall Meade

Beads "Hey man, where'd you get those cool beads?" Out of fashion are the tiny beaded Deadhead –style necklaces. Beads of choice these days are the New Orleans Mardi Gras type, made out of bright little colored plastic balls, about the size of Lemonhead candy drops. Wear them strictly for fashion or use them to hang your keys around your neck. Pick a handful up at your local thrift shop, garage sale, or Cajun-ish restaurant.



Dental Hygiene
You know what they say: Nothing hurts worse than the tooth. Especially if you forget to brush it and get a big ugly cavity. So don't you think you should run for the bathroom and get into some serious brushing action? There are lots of cool toothbrushes on the market—even ones that glow in the dark (for those more intimate moments). People with clean teeth are more fun to kiss.



STILL LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAIME BIONDO

NIKE AIR

In ancient Mayan civilization, basketball was a game played to the death by crazed, savage warriors who grabbed and scratched and kicked and clawed each other to the delight of thousands of delirious, bloodthirsty spectators. Although the game hasn't changed, the shoes have.

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LIVING LARGE

Back in May 1990, the phone rang, I asked who it was, and an unfamiliar voice said, "Ricky Powell."

"As in 'Homeboy throw in the towel / Your girl got dicked by Ricky Powell,' of Beastie Boys fame?"

"Yeah, listen," he said directly. "What's this you're dissing the Beasties in SPIN?"

Uh-oh. In my "Hip Hop Map of America" [SPIN, June '90], I *had* written "L.A., by the way, also acts as a rest home for retired rappers Rick Rubin and the Beastie Boys." So I did what any critic would do in that situation: I blamed my editor.

This pacified Ricky Powell, and that's a good thing. Because Ricky Powell—part-time photographer, cable-TV personality, substitute teacher, and stand-up comic—is what you might call "the fourth Beastie."

Of course, in the same way there were many "fifth" Beatles, so there are a few fourth Beasties. There's DJ Hurricane, who took over the wheels of steel from MTV's Dr. Dre in summer 1986. There's Mario Caldato, Jr.—engineer, coproducer, and cowriter of six songs on the collection of funky instrumentals, fuzz-bass rock, hardcore, progresso psychedelia, and, oh yeah, 21st-century schizoid hip hop that is the brilliant new Beasties album, ***Check Your Head;*** in other words, the poor bastard who helped cull an LP from the 50 songs scattered throughout 100 hours of digital audiotapes. Finally, there's Caldato's high-school buddy Mark Ramos Nishita, a master carpenter and keyboardist who first came into the fold when some girl ran her car into the entrance gate of the "G-Spot," an incredible '70s-type pad that the Beasties rented in 1989 during the recording of their last album, ***Paul's Boutique.*** Nishita fixed the gate before the owners came back and later helped the band build their new studio. In the end, he cowrote nine cuts on the new LP and added tasty keyboards in an array of textures, ranging from Jimmy Smith–type jazz to Pink Floydish razzmatazz.

Nevertheless, there was still only one Ricky Powell. He had grown up in New York's West Village, playing basketball and going to elementary school with Adam Horovitz's sister, Rachel.

Once they were America's biggest brats. Now they're content to be our coolest cats. **BOB MACK** spent

X-TRA

nearly a year observing the Beastie Boys. Here is his inside story on the making of their new album.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRIQUE SADULESCU

Tellin' it like it is, *from left* Adam Yauch, Adam Horovitz, and Mike Diamond.

Eventually he toured the world with the band, chronicling with Instamatic camera the carnage of various tours that accompanied the Beasties' multiplatinum 1986 debut, *Licensed to Ill*. Nowadays he hangs out, waiting for the band to tour again—still pissed at their old manager, who reportedly wouldn't let the band tour in support of *Paul's Boutique* unless they played arenas. If Ricky were to hang around any other band, he'd be a flunky. But perhaps more than any of the Beasties themselves, he is just plain ol' funky.

In other words, I saw my in. "So Ricky, what are the boys up to?" They were working on a new album, he said. As a band. Playing their own instruments. They had their own studio and everything. "Jeez, Rick," I said, trying to play cool, "that's a great story. You wouldn't be able to hook me up with them, would you?

Ricky Powell said he'd see what he could do, and in early 1991 he gave me the phone number of Michael Diamond, known as Mike D, of the Beastie Boys. I left several messages with Mike D to no avail, but one day I finally got through. The only thing I remember him saying was: "Gene Simmons is a man of wealth and taste."

I could do the story, but I'd have to wait until they got it together. That wasn't until June. Even once I was in L.A., I couldn't go over to the studio until they finished doing some vocal tracks—at 1:30 A.M.

Friday, June 15, 1991

The control room at the studio is outfitted with a comfy couch, and the walls are covered, like a kid's bedroom, with freaky color photos of the band, a poster from War's *Why Can't We Be Friends?* LP, and two Tijuana black velvet portraits of Michael Jackson.

"You must be the gentleman from SPIN," Adam Yauch says, extending his long, thin hand. I had expected Yauch, known as MCA, to be the hairy, urban lumberjack I'd feared on *Paul's Boutique*—the guy who rasped from behind a thick beard that he'd "been making records since you were sucking your mother's dick." Instead, I found a skinny, clean-shaven, almost ghostly, shy guy. Padding around in sock feet, he turns back to some tape machines, where he and Caldato have been tinkering with a reggae instrumental.

From the control room, I look through the windows of two soundproofed doors into a ballroom, where the Beasties have built a stage, skate ramp, and hoop—which Mike D is taking aim at in his blue double-knit shorts and Meters T-shirt. I wonder who the hell the Meters are. Mike D is thicker than I imagined, and his complexion has cleared since the last album.

In the turntable room, meanwhile, it's hard to see the Alan Arkin–esque movie-star mug of Adam Horovitz (a.k.a. King Ad-Rock) because he's pulled a green knit ski cap down over his eyes like Mush Mouth, the mumbling kid from the *Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids* cartoon. Even so, it's evident just from the way he kicks his burgundy peg-legged Dickies, green nylon Nikes, and black T-shirt, that Sly Stone was wrong. Everybody is *not* a star; only guys like Ad-Rock are. Right now, he's busy yelling, "Something's got to give" over a herky-jerky beat. Like a lot of the vocals on the new album, these are processed to give them a deliciously ill, tin-can tone.

Mike D offers me something to drink, and as expected, the minifridge is filled with beer. Unfortunately, it's apple beer. I snag the one real brew left, and snicker at the totally Cali kitchen area littered with fruit juices, vegetarian pizzas, and a yuppie Krups coffee maker.

Without discussion, a spontaneous jam breaks out. Mike D runs behind his drum kit and Ad-Rock, though putatively the guitar player, straps on Yauch's bass. Keyboardist "Money" Mark Nishita, who once got pelted with fruit by fellow students during a recital at Robert Fripp's crafty guitarists camp, adds some percussion. The result is a cheesy but groovy jam not unlike a porno soundtrack.

Yauch never joins in, and after ten minutes they turn to hoops. Mike D travels every time he touches the ball, Yauch, though an accomplished skater, is pretty much a spazz, and Horovitz is the most athletic of the three. I remember thinking that they played basketball about as well as they played their instruments, but in retrospect that's an unfair assessment of their musical prowess.

On Sunday morning we meet at Hamburger Hamlet for my first and only formal interview with all three at once. On the ride there, I make fun of Mike D for having the soundtrack to a Steven Seagal movie, and he plays me my first taste of the new Beasties, a three-note riff augmented by the boys chanting, "Funky boss get off my back." At the restaurant, Mike D and I slip into the giant booths, sip even more giant iced coffees, and wait for the two Adams—who are comfortable with West Coast punctuality.

When the other two finally arrive, Mike D starts complaining about the R.E.M. video for "Shiny Happy People."

MCA: Mike nearly got in a fistfight with the singer of R.E.M. Now, Mike's

Talk of New York rappers dissing the Beasties leads us inevitably to 3rd Bass. First they joke about how 3rd Bass's MC Serch reportedly used to show up at Mike D's house to hang out—and Mike D would throw stuff at him.

Some authorities are put on pedestals. Ours prefers a coaster.

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on a crazy mission to find him.

Ad-Rock: Georgia's too far, but I hear Sting's in Malibu!

Mike D: Sting looks like he's in shape.

Ad-Rock: You sneak up behind him, crouch down, and I'll push him over your back!

Mike D: But Sting's the type of guy who'll sue you.

Turns out Mike D was genuinely pissed at Michael Stipe because some other member of R.E.M. dissed the Beasties in England's *Q* magazine. But when he starts in again on Stipe's admittedly absurd dancing, the other two sense it's time to bring him in line.

MCA: Actually at home Mike lip-synchs to R.E.M. records in front of the mirror.

Ad-Rock: [Imitating Stipe] "That's Mike in the corner, losing his—" I don't even mind that song, man!

Mike D: Aw, you guys are gettin' so soft. . . .

SPIN: The *Source* said you were soft, Mike, for buying gourmet tuna paté—said you'd been in Cali too long.

MCA: That's a bad attitude. Big Daddy Kane be buying that shit all the time! If Q-Tip bought it, they'd be impressed.

Mike D: People don't realize how much hip hop stars have always been into gourmet foods. Chef B-Boy-Ardee is no joke!

Ad-Rock: I heard a Salt-n-Pepa song one time, where they named every rapper in New York. And they didn't name us! I was like listening to this shit, goin', "Damn, wussup wit that?"

MCA: You could've waited till the cows come home!

Talk of New York rappers dissing the Beasties leads us inevitably to 3rd Bass. First they joke about how 3rd Bass's MC Serch reportedly used to show up at Mike D's house to hang out—and Mike D would throw stuff at him. And though MCA claims that Beasties fans think about it more than the band . . .

MCA: Serch sounds like he's got a weird thing with being white 'n' stuff.

Ad-Rock: I understand, but work that shit out before you start going 'round. I saw Pete Nice in the barber shop—didn't say shit to me!

Mike D: [Suddenly] I just wanna tell everybody we're coming back hard!

MCA: [Grabbing my recorder] Yo gimme that, I'm gonna bust some rhymes right here!

Mike D: Honestly, people expect like "I'm so hardcore, I shot eight motherfuckers before I left my house!" Who gives a fuck, man?

SPIN: Well, you guys seem happy out here.

Ad-Rock: We were happy at Mike's house yesterday.

MCA: I got a nice life.

Mike D: I'm fuckin' definitely thankful every morning I wake, so I don't have a whole lot of beef.

SPIN: [To Ad-Rock] You said yesterday you weren't psyched to get out on the road?

Ad-Rock: Actually I'm really anxious to go on the road. I just wish we didn't have to go away from home. I get weird and miss my dogs, my girlfriend. I'll bring my dogs on the road!

Mike D is everybody's favorite Beastie. When Rick Rubin suggested that

MCA: I'm down to get out on the road.
Mike D: I'm really down to play shows.
Ad-Rock: I don't wanna seem like I'm not down—I'm just fuckin' around.

Later, Ad-Rock claims again that he was "just fuckin' around," but I'm not so sure, so I ask, "Is the settled L.A. life detrimental?"

Mike D: It might even be detrimental, but myself, I have no regrets about maturity.
SPIN: That's what I'm getting at.

As Mike D drives me back to my hotel, he throws the Steven Seagal tape out the window onto Sunset Boulevard. It's the most mischievous thing I'll see any of the Beasties do for the next six months. Over that half year of getting to know them, however, I formally interviewed each of them only one more time. That was back in October, when I tagged along while they went about the business of a typical day.

they could do without Mike D, that was the beginning of the end. For Rubin.

Put Your Worries on Hold

Though he no longer *looks* like an urban lumberjack, Adam Yauch really does live in a log cabin in the Hollywood Hills. At 27, he is the oldest Beastie Boy, and his temples are already graying. Though all the Beasties are going from being boys to men, Yauch is arguably the most mature.

Maybe he's just the most seasoned musician. He has played bass for 12 years. In 1984, he was an assistant engineer at Arthur Baker's noted Shakedown Studios, and the following year he released a single, "Drum Machine," with an engineer called Burzootie.

Not only experienced, Yauch is also remarkably focused. He has always been determined. "Going to Edward R. Murrow High in Brooklyn in 1979 dressed as a punk was definitely a nice little challenge—getting hassled by the dudes with freeze-dried hair and acid-wash jeans." During the recording of the new album, the band worked from mid-evening to early morn. But Yauch would go home and keep slaving in his own studio "Till the crack of dawn / Mowing down MCs like he was mowing the lawn."

It was his idea to make the new record instrumental. When that proved unfeasible, he was the first to bust rhymes. Accordingly, his love vibe informs the entire album, culminating in the last song, "Namaste," Yauch's inspiring and inspired stream-of-consciousness rap that sounds like a cross between "Riders on the Storm" and Robbie Robertson.

"Namaste" is no joke. It reflects where Yauch was at during the recording of the live instrument tracks. Nowadays, he's in a more traditional Beasties mood, but at the time, he hardly ever drank or smoked herb. Instead, he spent his time "getting in touch with his higher self" by reading spiritual texts and checking out different perspectives. Coming from anybody else, I'd cry, "Goofy!"

We started the day by going to his friend's house and recording an Indian instrument called the *tamboora* (which appears in "Finger Lickin' Good"). After that, we eat lunch at an Indian restaurant, and along the way, we hit a record store where he explains this new vibe.

continued on page 88

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IRON MAN

Hard-rock weight lifter Henry Rollins bares his chest for JIM GREER.

Henry Rollins's house in Venice, California, a few blocks from the beach, is almost empty of furniture. To call the decor Spartan is to give it too much character: The place is a cipher upon which Rollins imposes his rigidly moderated existence. This imposition is limited to a bed, a computer, a fax machine, a stereo system, some books, and a few hundred CDs, tapes, and records. Oh, and a state-of-the-art coffee maker.

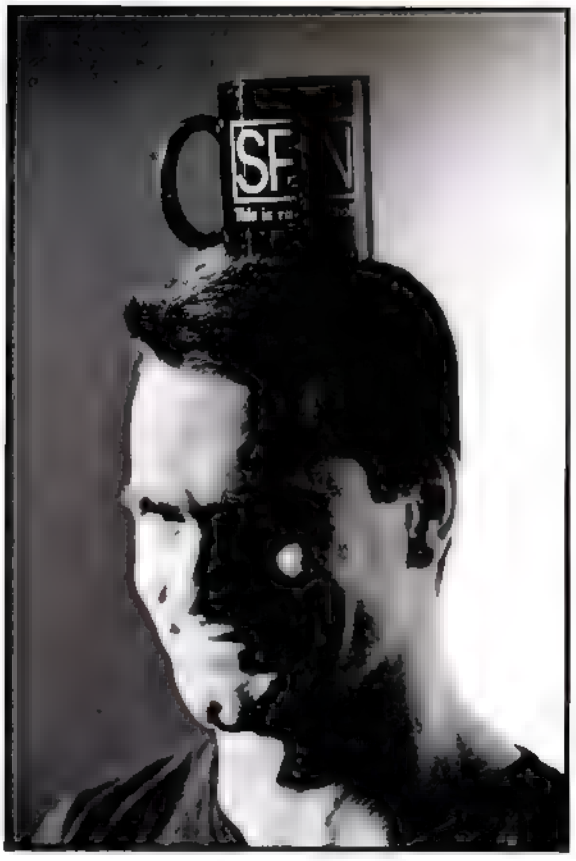
Rollins (even his friends call him Rollins—sort of like the way Ralph Kramden always called his best pal Norton, I guess) knows coffee. He's written essays on the stuff. Very rarely will you find him without a mug of java clutched in his ham-fists: always taken black, and, at least on the day I visit, somewhat coolish. Maybe it

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOREN HAYNES

Material chronicity

has just been sitting around for a while; after all, it is nearly noon when I arrive, and Rollins gives the impression of a man whose coffee-fueled work ethic leaves little room for, you know, sleep.

His handshake matches Wayne Newton's for pure bone-crushing alacrity, almost pulling me off-balance when I enter his room. He is dressed simply, in black (probably a perk from that strangely homoerotic Gap ad he did), and seems in overwhelming good health. The first things you notice about Henry are his intense stare and his tattoos. Rollins knows tattoos. He's written essays on them—but then, as you'd probably guess, he's written essays on one hell of a lot of things. The tattoos you see when he's got his shirt on are, as far as I could tell, mostly Black Flag logos and stuff, but everyone knows that on his back Henry has this enormous tattoo of a sun with a face and the motto "search and destroy." Rollins explains that by "search and destroy" he means simply that if you're going to do something, do it completely. Like, if you're going to love somebody, love them all the way. That sort of thing.



Just as I sit down by the awe-inspiringly high-tech stereo system, which takes up most of one wall in his crammed workspace, the phone rings. Lazily eavesdropping while Henry discusses some technical aspect of the Rollins Band's new album with his producer (I offer to leave, but he waves me back to my chair), I see him grow increasingly exasperated with the length of what is apparently to him a perfunctory conversation, to the point where his legs suddenly spasm with impatience. But his voice never loses its reasonable, calm tone. Right then it occurs to me that what I'd read about Black Sabbath devotee Rollins, as a man who has to struggle to contain his considerable anger, is true—jeez, I better not do anything to piss him off. Or maybe he is just performing for me. Either way, I am uncomfortable, which is just how he wants me.

FOR THOSE THREE OR FOUR OF YOU WHO MIGHT NOT KNOW, HENRY ROLLINS (né Henry Garfield) was the vocalist for seminal hardcore rockers Black Flag from the early '80s until the band broke up in 1986. Black Flag was indisputably one of the most influential independent American groups of the decade, and for a while after the band broke up, Rollins's growing success as a writer, a spoken-word performer, and a musician was attributed by some to his notoriety as an ex-Flagger.

"Yeah, I still get that," comments Henry, with a certain amount of bitterness. " 'Oh, the only reason anyone ever comes is 'cause you were in Black Flag.' That was cool in 1984. Now, I've been doing talking shows for eight years, all over the world. 'Oh, the only reason people buy your book is because you're in a band.' Okay, after 40,000 books sold, I don't know about that. They've got to come up with a better excuse why people like me, 'cause that one's a little thin now. Come up with a new nasty thing to say, 'cause that one's kind of tasteless."

In fact, Rollins has turned into a somewhat unlikely—to him, anyway—postpunk icon for a new generation, most of whom never even heard of Black Flag. The Rollins Band is a post-everything, jazz-tinged, metallic combo that begins where the most exploratory Flag stuff left off and takes it *out*. The success of last year's Lollapalooza festival brought the band a whole new audience, and a deal with the Imago Recording Company (home of model-rockers Baby Animals) that will soon bear fruit in the release of *The End of Silence*, the band's major label debut.

"We gave it that title mostly because it's a record that people are gonna get a chance to hear," says Henry. "In the past, we'd do all these tours and all these records and, you know, the records aren't even in print, the tours never get promoted. We're kind of like this band that doesn't really exist. Secret records, secret gigs. We're not a special case. It happens to a lot of bands out there who are on the road, on the independent thing. You live in a van, you go play, people recognize you and they come up, 'Hey, what are you doin' here?' 'Well, I'm playing tonight.' 'Really, where?'

"It's the indie band blues. It's a drag because any band—if they're not, like, pro-Klan—has the right to go out there and try to do something with themselves and have fun and have a life. It's just a drag when the record company can't get it together to get a record out. But at the same time, the labels are being put in a stranglehold by distributors who aren't respecting them. It's just this mean little game where everyone is playing like they're the good guy, but it's not always that way. So this record hopefully won't get so buried, and we won't have to be a well-kept secret anymore."

Which is a fairly safe bet. *The End of Silence* is easily the most coherent, well-recorded, and sophisticated work the Rollins Band has churned out to date (it's the band's fifth LP, if you include 1990's double live *Turned On*). The record's vastly improved dynamics and tricky arrangements lend Henry's typically committed vocals a new intensity. I tell him while we listen to it later that at points, his voice reminded me of Phil Lynott, from Thin Lizzy. His eyes light up and he points to his CD collection: "Look, from there to there [he points at an expanse of at least ten CDs], it's all Thin Lizzy, man. They were great."

9-24-84 I had my own dressing room, just a room, not much. I found a razor, I started slamming it into my chest. It felt good. I started to bleed, it felt good. There was blood everywhere. . . . I went into the shower, I turned the water on hard. The water made the cuts in my chest burn. I like the feeling. It's pure and direct and not muddled up by personal, mental, or other trips. I wish everything was a pure [sic], direct, and simple to understand.

—*from* High Adventure in the Great Outdoors

HENRY ROLLINS—WHO WAS, BY THE WAY, A BIG 'TIL TUESDAY FAN—IS not a "pure, direct, and simple to understand" person. In fact, the more unexpected things you discover about him—things that don't fit the Rollins persona—the more interesting he becomes. If he were as one-dimensional as he would have you believe, maybe even as he would like to be, he'd be little more than a cartoon. And while, yes, I do like cartoons, I've never had much fun talking to one.

There's a lot of pain in Henry's past. He's described most of it in his books and spoken-word performances. The pain of his childhood and adolescence is a primary motivating factor behind everything he does. Rollins considers himself a freak, an insane person, and has said that his main allies in life are discipline and insanity. He's rabidly antidrink and antidrug (apparently he doesn't consider caffeine a drug). He works ceaselessly, and his output is voluminous: nine-or-so published books, a solo LP, five Rollins Band LPs, six Black Flag LPs, three spoken-word LPs. When he's not making some sort of record, he's touring, either with his band or as a spoken-word performer. Rollins doesn't consider any of this "art." It's just what he does. It's a kind of therapy. Which brings up the question: Why do you need an audience?

"Aha!" exclaims Rollins. "Well, I've been writing an essay on that, actually. [Do tell!] I think all performers, people who go onstage, have to go through a lot of trouble to get themselves to that space. It's not like, 'Oh, I got lost on the way to the store and I wound up onstage in front of you!' No. When I walk up onstage at 8:30 at the Roxy, *months* of work has gone into

SHOWN ABOVE: LAIRD HAMILTON BOILING WATER IN THE NEW AQUA SURF WITH THE NEOPRENE/SPANDEX COLLAR.

me being there to do that, okay? It's a very preconceived concept that I'm gonna go out there. The fliers have been made, it was in the newspaper. No surprises there, I'm gonna show up. So, when I'm onstage, I am performing.

"All performers, in my opinion, do not have the guts to do it alone in their room. They feel some need, and it might come from some deficiency in their life, some insecurity, some idiosyncrasy, something in their upbringing, which makes them feel the need to get up onstage, on a lighted platform, and tell everyone how they feel, and to be the center of attention for a little while."

So it's a weakness, then, a deficiency that drives people to the stage?

"I think it's a form of sickness, and it's a form of insanity, and I'm talking about the *good* ones. Say for me, no, I can't have all these ideas and just keep them in my head. I gotta do books, I gotta go out and talk. At least, it's my version of the truth. That's the only way I can redeem myself in my own eyes, and hopefully, your eyes—to go out and expend myself totally, and to tell my version of the truth, 150 percent, to give *all*. And that is the way I can reconcile this need to go on a stage, this perversion."

I'M SURE THERE'LL BE A BUNCH OF, LIKE, FORMER BLACK FLAG FANS WHO see the Rollins Band's signing with Imago as another in a seemingly unending stream of indie rock sellouts in the past few years. Never mind that Black Flag never considered itself part of any "punk" ethic or movement, and that the only reason the band wasn't on a major label, probably, is that no one wanted them. Never mind, too, that the unprecedented success of Nirvana's major label debut might signal that, rather than a bunch of bands being sucked into the corporate label machine, the machine itself is being rebuilt.

"The way I see it," says Rollins, "it's a new science being invented, a new school. A lot of major labels, we're talking about guys thirty years in the business, okay? Guys who came up with Dave Mason and Jim Fogelberg [*sic*], or whatever his name is.Old money, old school. They were there when the Eagles still had, you know, acne. They're not about to let some wiseass come in and tell them how their music gonna go. By that age, you tell all these young punks what's what.

"Okay. And a lot of these young people get taken in by that, some guy who's been in the industry for a long time, has a lot of clout. They own the means of production, you know. There are human beings who own Warner Bros., not robots, human beings—guys who're made of flesh and blood, and you're gonna tell them how your record's gonna be? And so, what's being done now, is these guys, these old dogs, are being educated: 'No, man. No, no, here's how it's gonna be, and you're gonna like it.' And it took a few bands getting whacked on the nose to go and make it so other bands could walk in and go, 'We're gonna do this.' And so what you're basically doing is you're reinventing FM radio structure, reinventing rock criticism and going, 'No, no, it's not about the Eagles anymore, it's about, you know, the Pixies. That's what's happening. It's about Ice-T, it's about Living Colour. You know, it's not about Stevie Nicks anymore, okay?' And you're talking with people who are going, 'Yes it is! Yes it is! Because I signed them!' It's *change*, and with change comes pain, a little bit of blood in the vigorous shakedown, and that's what the music industry is going through now. That's why, you know, three years ago, Nirvana wouldn't have sold a million records, okay?"

The band certainly wouldn't have been able to make that record, either.

"Right. And now, a band like Nirvana can go in and do their thing and get it out to a lot of people, and at the end of the day we see how many people are into Nirvana. They probably blew *minds* at DGC when they went platinum. People there were like getting taught a lesson; some guy who drives a BMW, who has like four pounds of Rolex watch hanging off his arm, is being taught new science by some guy with greasy hair, who's not impressed by money, okay? That's very healthy."

That's all very well in theory—but we all know the major labels' platinum logic. There's already a herd of A&R weasels firing up their Beemers and growling into their car phones, hot to trap the new Nirvana in their headlights.

"Well, that's the first thing that the record company *will* go do. And now all the other record labels will go find their version, like everyone did with R.E.M. And that's just because that's the way record companies think: 'Oh, we want to get in on that market, too!' Because the way record companies work, it's all charts, it's all markets. You know, 'How can we market you?' Well, that's how it is at record companies. They're working *product*. And they've got to find the right slot to put you in to make the machinery work. Well, you know, new machinery's being used right now."

WRAPPING UP THE INTERview, talking about the early Washington, D.C., hardcore scene, I find out that Rollins and I were both at the same Dead Kennedys/Half Japanese show at The 9:30 Club back in '79 or '80. "Yeah, that's where I got kicked in the head and I got this," he says, showing me a small patch of white hair on the back of his head. "I got beat up there, too," I reply, "by four or five guys who didn't like the way I was slamming up front. Bruised a couple of ribs and got my head cut open."

"I was right up front, man," says Rollins. "That was a great show."

I wonder—naah. Henry is just not that kind of guy.

Two weeks after this interview, Rollins's close friend and roommate, Joe Cole, returning home late at night, was shot in the face and killed by a burglar. "To stop 30 years of life with a gun is the work of a weakened victim of our widespread American city-sickness," Rollins wrote in an obituary for LA Weekly. *"I wish it had been me instead." Rollins has since moved out of the house.*

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With the euphoria of acid-house culture a thing of the past, Britain's

THE

Hey, hey we're the Charlatans, *below from left*:

Jon Brookes, Martin Blunt, Tim Burgess, Rob Collins, and Jon Baker.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBIN SIMS

PARTY'S OVER

Charlatans UK return with a brand new album and the same old attitude. JONATHAN BERNSTEIN reports.

As cynical as this crazy business can make you—with its receptions, free records, and pliant publicists—it's refreshing to discover that you're not immune to the state of tongue-tied unworthiness that occasionally afflicts you when ushered into the presence of a favorite group. All your clever dialogue evaporates, the much-anticipated sense of instant kinship never materializes, and you maintain eye contact with your shoes. That's how it was with me when I ran into Right Said Fred. Of course, I was there to interview the Charlatans UK at the time, which might have had something to do with it.

In the Keystone Kops world of the British music press, Woozy (frail girls) has replaced Baggy (flailing boys), the wahwah pedal has been restored to the same position of derision it occupied a decade earlier, and acts that depended a little too zealously on the remixer's art for their dance-floor dynamics have been shunted aside in favor of anemic wallflowers. Graduating from rave culture's *Romper Room* has been a painful process for some of the most highly touted combos. The Stone Roses were inactive, Primal Scream was all foreplay and no climax, and Happy Mondays were, to paraphrase a beautiful old Irish lullaby, all over the place like a madwoman's shite. The Charlatans UK seemed like the low men on the totem pole, dealing in by-rote swirl and thud and sporting the latest in a long line of cookie-cutter vocalists, all vision-obscuring bangs, equine pouts, and incontinent dancing.

Unlike their contemporaries' work, though, the Charlatans' has a life outside the strobe light. They've got that chunky Hammond thing going for them, a locked-in rhythm section, and then there's poster boy Tim Burgess. It's not so much that Tim's cute (though he will run a hand through his hair, giving it the perfect opportunity, some minutes later, to do a slow-mo collapse into his eyes. Girls—hell, *everyone*—the effect is devastating), but that the rest of the band—bighearted guys all—are solid and nondescript enough to double the singer's impact. Kind of a boy Bangles effect. Despite a fragile frame and a barely there speaking voice, Burgess is notorious for the Big Arrogant Quote. Remember "We just want to be the biggest, greatest fuckin' band in the world since the Rolling Stones or the Beatles. And I'm pretty sure we have the potential to actually do it"? And what about "I went to see Prince the other night—he bored me shitless. He's crap. He's nothing compared to us"? So, Tim? "Any time I read an article where I've said something like that, I get really embarrassed about it later," whispers the singer. "But I always think our music is better than anyone else's—and it's good to think that." At the tail end of final mixes on the band's new album, *Between 10th and 11th*, which they're hoping will emulate and surpass the success of the *Some Friendly* set (their first), these Northwich boys are confident of their chances. Burgess: "I think it's going to be blatantly obvious to anyone that hears it that it's going to be a very important record and a very inspirational one as well."

While its predecessor occasionally swirled down its own plug hole, the Charlatans' sophomore LP has moments that can be recommended to those with a high beef tolerance, principally tunes such as "Weirdo" and "Page One," which evoke New Order comparisons only insofar as they exude rhythmic swagger without being remotely funky. Is the dance floor still a source of inspiration for the group? "A lot of what's happening now is very bland and almost an apology for what's been going on since 1987," growls surly drummer John Brookes. "It's like a commodity now." Brookes illustrates his point by chucking a bottle top at Lisa Stansfield, who's emoting silently on a nearby video monitor. "I don't think anything that's dance-oriented that's charted in the past six months has been any good. It's all bought by 13-year-olds who can't get into clubs." Martin Blunt, the band's garrulous and excellently named bass player, says, "Techno, for us, is a good way of looking forward, and I think we're clever enough to use it to our own advantage. The new songs may have a heavy groove, but they're played with real instruments, maybe put in a different order and with different functions."

Coming from the environment it does, with its Captain Whizzo light shows and you're-feeling-sleepy-*very*-sleepy grooves, does the band object to the frequency with which drug associations are brought up? "No," says Burgess, firmly. "It's important to have an identity. It's really good that the question keeps being brought up, because it means you've imprinted something on people's minds. Next time it'll be something else because we're ever-changing. Like chameleons."

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james addiction

English superstar band James is determined to stave off stadium-rock torpor with inspired awkwardness—could this be the world's biggest avant-garde pop group? STEVEN DALY sits down with the band's leader, Tim Booth.

From left: Tim Booth, Jim Glennie, Andy Diagram, Dave Baynton-Power, and Mark Hunter.

"There's no limos. Where are the groupies?" demands Tim Booth, with mock petulance. Though Booth's band, James, is one of Britain's biggest acts, it is stuck in a cramped London basement, participating in an ill-advised radio pilot. Accustomed to filling the nation's grandest venues, James is today filling the gaps between dying stand-ups and tragic sketches.

When Booth takes the stage, his head is barely above the front row of the audience, a mixture of late-afternoon curiosity-seekers, industry types, and young fans. Seeing James in this setting is probably like watching Greg Louganis splashing around in an inflatable pool, but even so, it's kind of hard to see what all the Richter-wrecking fuss is about.

The following night at Brixton Academy, James goes off the deep end. From the second Tim Booth takes the stage, he has the compelling presence of a major contender; though shorn of his Jesus-like locks, there's still something a tad messianic about the front man as he works the room, transfixing the faithful. The seven-piece band, too, is liberated by the change in scale, finally able to display its formidable dynamic range. When James closes the set with its anthemic "Sit Down," a communal shiver shakes the auditorium. Halfway through the song the audience takes over, chanting the chorus for ten solid minutes; any-

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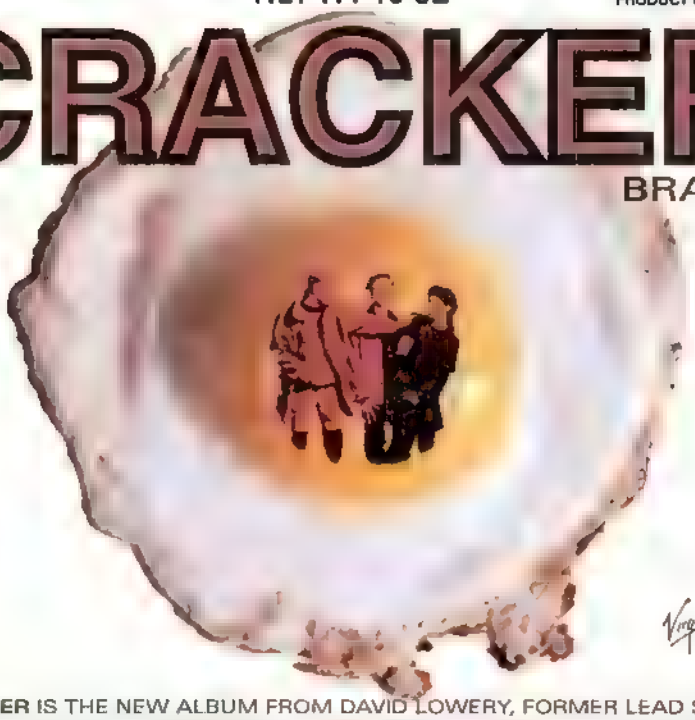

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where else it would seem staged and corny, but James's fans operate without the standard rock rulebook.

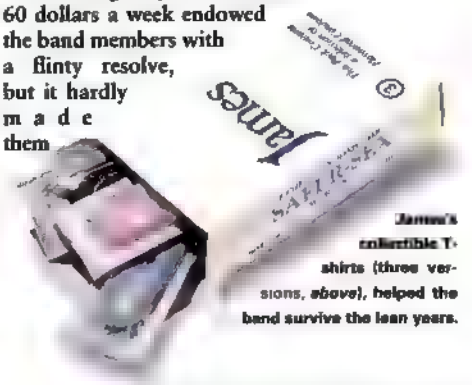
Leaning over the balcony in the Academy's mezzanine, watching the exhausted and pink-cheeked crowd shuffle out—most of its members clad in the band's distinctive T-shirts—I'm afforded a close-up look at the James phenomenon. An almost palpable sense of moral certainty attends the event; not only are these disciples startlingly young and idealistic-looking, they include by far the highest proportion of females I've ever seen at a rock show.

"We thought of ourselves as a kind of avant-garde pop band playing some quite difficult music," says a bemused Booth of this distaff dementia. "So when we see all these young girls, it's like, 'What the hell's going on?' But they've listened, they've accepted it."

Tim Booth is soft-spoken, but never uncertain, feminine but hardly effeminate. He's had years to cultivate this air of quiet determination: To put it mildly, he had a bad '80s. After beginning its career on Factory Records in 1983, James signed to New York's Sire, a transatlantic transplant that never took. No one at Rockefeller Plaza knew what to do with the group's angular angst, which languished on the label for two little-heard albums. But no bitterness attends Booth's memories of those traumatic times. In fact, he concedes that "the first five years of James were just musical experiments, people learning how to play their instruments, improvising. We'd go into a room for four or five hours a day, five, six days a week, and just improvise. We had one year where we only wrote one song."

During the dog days at Sire, one James rehearsal yielded a tune called "Sit Down." "After jamming it for 20 minutes we had the whole song, and I had the basic lyrics," recalls Booth. "We just couldn't carry on playing, we were laughing so much. We knew what we'd written and that eventually people were going to see it. So even when the business was shit and people were expecting us to give up, it was like, no way, because all this inner stuff was going on."

Subsisting for years on around 60 dollars a week endowed the band members with a flinty resolve, but it hardly made them



James's collectible T-shirts (three versions, *above*), helped the band survive the lean years.

the type of glib quote-machine we media types love to dote on. Tagged by the London music press as hair-shirted ascetics, James was nevertheless gaining strength through touring, refining the increasingly impressive live shows documented on the live LP, *One Man Clapping*. Distributed by Rough Trade, the record topped the indie charts in 1989 and, with the singles "Sit Down" and "Come Home," gave the band a new lease on life. The subsequent cult of James T-shirts is quite simply the reason for the band's existence today.

"We were pulling in all these fanatical people, doing all these great gigs," says Booth, whose sweater and watch today bear the distinctive James logo. "It was private—the audiences were celebrating themselves and their faith in us."

Convinced that it was finally ready for prime time, James signed to Fontana/Mercury for the acclaimed *Gold Mother* set. Though a rerelease of the album went Top Ten in the U.K., no one could have predicted what would happen next: A rerecorded "Sit Down" rocketed to No. 2, its soaring production (courtesy of Gil "Pixies" Norton) and all-embracing humanist sentiment striking a massive chord in a British version of "Smells Like Teen Spirit."

Though the Manchester gold rush of the 1989–90 season did James no harm, it didn't radically reshape the band's career curve. This group is part of an old tradition, drawing on the same reserves of stubborn individualism that sustained Manchester mavericks such as the Fall, Joy Division, and the Smiths (whose 1985 U.S. tour James notoriously declined to join).

"I can accept that," says Booth. "In Manchester, you can respect the other bands and support new ones that come up, without feeling any musical kinship at all.

"We're much too arrogant for that," he adds, without a trace of arrogance.

I FEEL LET DOWN YOU DIDN'T COME LAST NIGHT," says Tim Booth two days later. My absence from the second night at Brixton has been noted, and the singer is not amused. No amount of excuses about my appointment at the acupuncturist will mollify him.

What I'd taken as a formidable show of force onstage the first night, the band saw as a sub-par performance, so in an act of self-castigation they *began* the next show with the previous night's encore, "Sit Down." Having set that almost unmatchable level of intensity, James went right ahead and, Booth insists, outstripped it. "We'll do things like that, start with all the encores and see if we can peak, then go beyond them—just to scare the hell out of ourselves. Or we'll go on and do a bunch of acoustic songs. One time in Paris we went on and did a whole set of new songs that no one had ever heard before."

Then there was that festival in Sweden. James's set had been truncated due to power failure but, equipment and trumpet player packed off home, the band decided to stay on for the second night. When the headliners, English rock dinosaurs Status Quo, failed to show, festival organizers entreated James to step in. "Without a trumpet player and with no equipment?" Booth had said. "Sure, no problem!" Opening with an extended nine-minute version of James classic "Johnny Yen," the band put disbelief on the faces of 25,000 boogie-starved Swedes and made them like it.

"We want to stay an awkward, difficult, improvising band that some nights flies and some nights falls flat on its face."

With its inexorably rising popularity, James is being forced into ever-larger arenas while the band remains only too aware of the attendant risks. "We're trying to be able to play big venues but still be personal," explains Booth. "I've only seen a few people ever achieve that—there's always the fear that you go in a big venue and you become a big, pompous rock band. We want to stay an awkward, difficult, improvising band that some nights flies and some nights falls flat on its face."

Accordingly, it has become an article of faith among band members that they continue to push their own limitations. "A lot of the songs are improvised while we're playing," explains Booth. "You don't know how the song's going to begin or end, anyone can start it. I change the lyrics and I do monologues in the middle of songs, open my mouth without knowing what I'm going to say. It helps you grow and it also scares the hell out of you, which produces extra adrenaline—which is one of the best drugs for performance *I've* found."

That's Booth on the new U.K. single "Sound," shouting through a megaphone, exhorting his colleagues to "Do something out of character!" The result of this band's first studio outing together, the new material speaks of a band coming of age, confident enough to improvise while the meter's running, accomplished enough to pull it off.

But despite the band's rigorously self-imposed standards, the critics are now hovering, willing James to make the customary fall from grace—to turn from people's champs into bloated chumps. Booth remains unconcerned: "They can't damage us in the way that they want to—we're out of their hands now."

JAIME BIONDO

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build and destroy

There are always two sides to every story, as RONIN RO found out while breaking it down with "edutainer" KRS-One.

KRS-One of Boogie Down Productions isn't someone you can easily figure out. He is out to save a people but he doesn't know how, so he makes things up as he goes along and hopes it comes out fine. He's a nut. A genius. The greatest two-legged show on earth. And he's a Jekyll and Hyde personality: the self-proclaimed "teacher" and the evil twin.

KRS-One (né Chris Parker) started his musical career in 1985 as a gangster rapper. He later became a humanist; then he doubled back and told people that he invented gangster rap so he could continue selling records to an audience that wasn't out to hear about positivity anymore. When asked about Schoolly D, who was actually the progenitor of this form, he admits, "Wait a minute. He did come first. That record, 'PSK,' came first, right? That's important to point that out."

As we discuss his adolescent years, I realize how unaware he is of the contradictions. After writing in a Sunday *New York Times* op-ed column that he'd spent seven years living on the streets, he tells me: "I stayed on the streets for four-and-a-half years." When asked why, the humanist side says, "To study metaphysical philosophy," while the gangster in him waits 30 seconds, then says, "The reason I went on the streets was to study rap music." His mother, he tells me, "was also into him goin' to school and getting himself a job," but KRS, like other rock'n'roll rebels, just had to do his music. So he hit the road.

"[Homelessness] pretty much gave me a straight-ahead look at reality, and it made me say, 'Damn, all this is goin' on out here and nobody got nothin' to say to nobody?' So I just started talkin'." And that he did.

Chris Parker, a.k.a. KRS-One—America's favorite edutainer?

When I first heard Boogie Down Production's *Criminal Minded* album in 1987, I thought, Who is this guy? as he ripped the so-called kings of rap to shreds with some of the strongest lyrics I'd ever heard. Hearing that disc was like walkin' through the streets of the South Bronx. All of the old familiar faces were there: the crack hos ("The P Is Free"), the trigger-happy dealers ("9mm Goes Bang"), and the suckers he was dissin' at jams ("Poetry" and the title track) along with a vivid description of our home ("South Bronx"). KRS wasn't on that formulaic Def Jam stuff like Run-D.M.C. and L.L. Cool J, who were sellin' out to rock and fabricating love songs but calling it hardcore.

After his DJ, Scott LaRock, was gunned down in the Bronx in 1987, KRS reinvented himself. Where *Criminal Minded* was straight-up, in-yo'-face hardcore, the second LP, *By All Means Necessary*, was more cerebral and introduced his listeners to the newer, politicized KRS-One with its cover photo of him recreating the classic Malcolm-X-by-the-window-wit'-a-rifle photo. The everyman gangster had turned phi-

GREG WATERMANN

losopher and his audience—which he describes as "college students, black and white, future lawyers, and future gangsters"—followed. With later efforts, KRS began to attack black-on-black crime, which resulted in the East Coast's biggest MCs recording "Self Destruction," the classic single that preaches a message of unity and peace to its listeners.

By 1991, KRS had created his own label, Edutainer Records, "to insure that hard hip hop comes out." The label's first release, the *H.E.A.L.* (Human Education Against Lies) album, was dominated by artists such as Ziggy Marley, Michael Stipe, and Billy Bragg, but did feature "Heal Yourself," which united hip hop's biggest stars with a positive message. Its proceeds, he once said, would go toward the writing and publication of a book on history to be distributed free of charge to anyone requesting a copy. To date, there is no book. Maybe nobody liked *H.E.A.L.* because the album wasn't rap.

The *Source*, the national hip hop mag, gave it a three on a scale of five—average as opposed exceptional—and KRS flipped. A rap insider says they'd see KRS avoiding *Source* editor in chief Jon Schecter's calls. After that, KRS would pace around his office while shouting things like "Fuck the *Source*—I want nothing to do wit' 'em." Two months later, KRS-One wrote the magazine's opening editorial and allowed the *Source* to make him the subject of an upcoming feature.

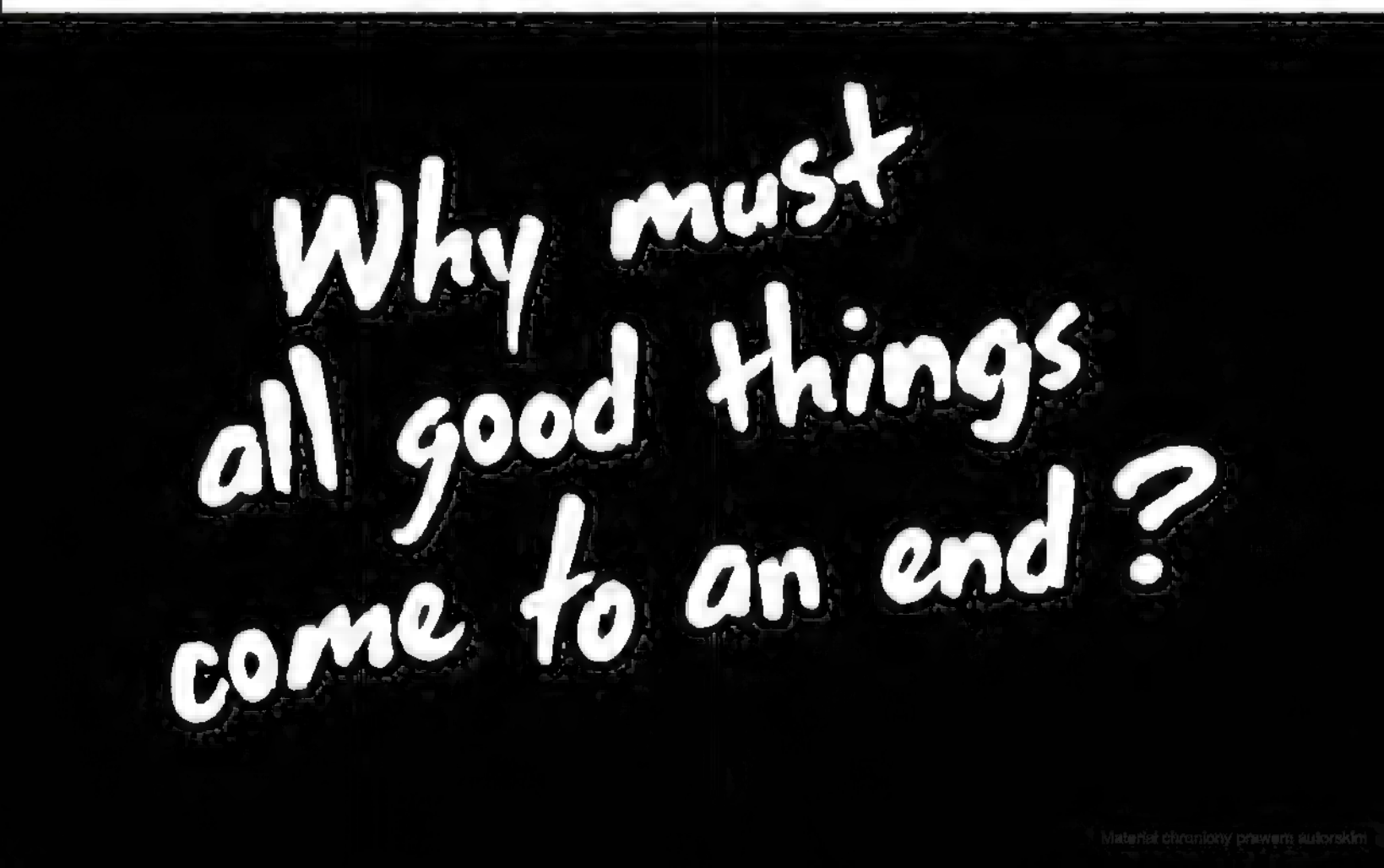
With each R.E.M. song KRS-One popped up on and each *H.E.A.L.* album he did, he was getting farther away from hip hop. Then, when X Clan and Ice Cube dissed his ass on wax, and the *Source* rating came down, KRS woke up to the fact that he was slipping.

With each R.E.M. song he popped up on ("Radio Song") and each *H.E.A.L.* album he did, he was getting further away from hip hop. Then, when X Clan and Ice Cube dissed his ass on wax and the *Source* rating came down, KRS woke up to the fact that he was slipping. He'd have to come back harder than ever to prove he still had what it took, so he did.

His newest album, *Sex and Violence*, which he describes as "KRS retaliating in 1992," finds him on the gangster tip again, over hard beats and inspiring samples. It's less political, more abrasive lyrically, and filled with tales of retribution against "pop rappers" and "sellouts." He's come full circle, from standing strong and wavin' guns ("9mm") to black history ("You Must Learn") to politically correct dietary suggestions ("Beef") to pop-rock cameo artist, back to his original style, the hardcore dissing on his newest release.

His position on censorship: Late 1991, CBGB on a Friday night, Boogie Down Productions are onstage, interrupting their show to speak to a predominately white audience about the evils of Uncle Sam's attempt to take away KRS-One's freedom of speech. The crowd listens in awe as the "teacher" speaks. But now, while discussing why he threw P.M. Dawn off the stage, he says, "I'm not saying that I want to take the role of government and censor people, but censorship is necessary when your actions and your words go against the advancement of humanity."

When asked if he is a teacher for the black community, he answers with a confident "Yes," then adds, "but only because I'm a student. I study the consciousness of the masses of the people. I study and teach them of how they are perceiving themselves and how America



Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim

perceives them." He goes on to say that this education is necessary so that the "masses" will "hopefully find and advance themselves through what we call hip hop." I then asked him to offer a specific possible solution to the problems he discusses so often. His answer? "I would say become intellectual, because intellectuals ask questions."

And yet when Prince Be of P.M. Dawn questioned KRS-One's position as a teacher, he found his group (complete with female dancer) being rushed off the stage at New York's Sound Factory nightclub before it even had a chance to begin. Once they were off, KRS-One kicked his two greatest meal tickets ("I'm Still #1" and "The Bridge Is Over") to a crowd that supported the move. "Based on hip hop law," he says, "this is the only way that this could've been settled. Matter of fact, there are other ways but they would've been more violent." From the message of "Self Destruction" to pushing a black group off the stage.

KRS-One is aware people will say he contradicts the message he puts on his records, but says, "Most people only wanna listen to 'Stop the Violence,' then they take my tape out. Or they just wanna listen to *H.E.A.L.* or *Self-Destruction*, then they don't wanna be bothered with *Criminal Minded* or *By All Means Necessary*, or even *Sex and Violence*. They don't wanna be bothered, so it's not my fault if they think I'm Ghandi."

I remember seeing him at many a show, huffing and puffing and rabble-rousing, but never saying anything specific. He'd righteously pronounce that everything was so fucked up, then walk off the stage after doing his old gangster joints. That's the kind of teacher he is, and his fans love it, 'cause they know no matter how many times KRS says one thing and does another, the man always comes correct with the rhymes. What's troublesome is that he's talked himself into a corner.

KRS-One once urged listeners to search for their true history (on songs such as "Why Is That" and "Blackman's in Effect"). He now says, "The only real reality is the fact that we're all gonna die." Where he was once a very positive role model for many listeners (spearheading the Stop the Violence movement and promoting unity in hip hop), he's now stepping to P.M. Dawn, the softest group in hip hop. He's playing himself both as a teacher and a hard rock, and it kinda hurts to see the media's reaction to it, 'cause KRS has done a lot for the form. He's produced some of its most hard-hitting and thought-provoking music.

And while MCs such as Ice Cube are raking in the big bucks and being feared, KRS-One is growing tired of being positive: "I truly believe that I am the greatest rap artist that ever lived on this planet, and if I point my finger at any of these rappers and start battling lyric for lyric, their careers are done."

KRS-One, working with an attitude.

GREG WATERMANN

COLD
BUD DRY
DRAFT STYLE
Why Ask Why? Try Bud Dry.
Its smooth, draft taste is Dry Brewed, not watered down. To drink light, yet satisfy completely. For refreshment that's beyond question.
KNOW WHEN TO SAY WHEN

Smell THE Wind

After having been branded the laughingstock of heavy metal, Spinal Tap shows LORRAINE ALI there's life beyond the sex farm.

From left: Nigel Tufnel (a.k.a. Christopher Guest), David St. Hubbins (Michael McKean), Derek Smalls (Harry Shearer). *Not pictured:* new drummer Rick Shrimpton.

Veteran rock band Spinal Tap broke up in 1985 and since then has remained virtually unheard of. Singer David St. Hubbins, guitarist Nigel Tufnel, and bassist Derek Smalls hadn't played together since the ill-fated tour of Japan, which followed the rockumentary *This Is Spinal Tap*. The tour was aborted by angry Japanese officials after jet-lagged band members slept through their third concert date—this marked the end of the Tap. But recently the three (the drummer was not available as he's been missing and presumed dead since Japan) began to discuss reforming the greatest rock'n'roll band in the world.

SPIN found Tufnel and St. Hubbins looking well in Los Angeles, California. A suntanned St. Hubbins has been coaching soccer for the local park commission in Pomona, California, where he now resides with his wife, Janine. Tufnel has become, aside from a wizard of an inventor, a seasoned world traveler. "I've done some work with some ethnic groups of people," he says. "The islanders in Micronesia—they're called the Pei-Pei people from Pei-Pei Island."

"Notice how I didn't laugh that time," points out a grinning St. Hubbins. "I laugh every time he talks about the Pei-Pei Islands."

After the band's reunion a massive search for a drummer ensued. Spinal Tap finally chose Rick Shrimpton, former stick man Mick Shrimpton's younger twin brother. Now Spinal Tap is releasing its biggest, loudest, and most explosive disc yet, *Break Like the Wind*. It consists of three albums that'll be sold 20 minutes apart, starting at midnight. "Guns N' Roses had just come out with two albums," explains St. Hubbins, "and Springsteen's coming out with two, so we thought, What can we do? We can go one better." St. Hubbins admits that recording enough material for three albums wasn't easy: "Basically, we did a lot of stalling. There's a lot of places where there's nothing happening except you can hear the band counting—*one–two–three–four*—and that helps to fill a side. We do all we can really. There's a lot of very fast solos that we repeat two or three times—digitally. So Nigel's infamous solos will be—more infamous."

"And longer," adds Tufnel.

SPIN then asks St. Hubbins if *Break* had many similarities to *Smell the Glove*. "Well, they're miles different, really," he says.

St. Hubbins will be the first to admit that he's grown lyrically from earlier Tap hits such as "Sex Farm" to the now-budding "Bitch School" but critics and women's rights groups see no change.

"With 'Bitch School,' it seems people have been making a bit of a mistake in thinking that it's about women. I mean, if you look at the lyrics: 'You're so fetching when you're down on all fours.' It's a dog that's down on all fours, in't it? What fetches? A dog. See, it depends on how you go into it," explains Tufnel.

Although the lads have no intentions of changing their ways, they have recently made bold efforts to add more contemporary elements to their already smoldering sound. "We tried to add a rap section to 'Christmas With the Devil'—it just didn't work out," explains St. Hubbins. "We invited some members of a well-known rap group—"

Tufnel cuts in: "— to have a listen and do some sort of collaboration, and they pretty much, ahh—"

St. Hubbins picks it up: "I think they missed the point. They just sort of stared into space and said, 'You know what I'd like? Jack in the Box for lunch.' "

Finally, St. Hubbins and Nigel Tufnel sum up Spinal Tap's last 25 years in one word; Hubbins, being the man of words, goes first: "*Madras*. It's many different colors, each carefully delineated, a couple of washings, it bleeds."

Tufnel then whispers, "Making it almost lifelike, even though it's still only a fabric, and it says 'Do Not Bleach.' But I think *soup* would be my word cause people go to restaurants and ask, 'What's the soup of the day?' It's different every day. We are different everyday."

A golden-haired David St. Hubbins pauses, then, like a sorcerer who pulls an image from a crystal ball, produces his final words. "I just think that if you are part of rock'n'roll, and I think we all are, you should be aware that you're also part of the universe. Rock'n'roll and the universe are interchangeable, really. So just know that you actually exist. You rock; therefore, you are."

PETER DARLEY MILLER

TAINTED MIRAGE

Cuervo always shows up at the party, but
tips on how to party Cuervo style for your next mirage.

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INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE

Can the prince of darkness lighten up? Peter Murphy shares a joke with JONATHAN BERNSTEIN.

WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG AND YOUR HEART WAS AN OPEN book, you used to say, "Live and let live"—but not everyone concurred. There were members of a particular panda-eyed constituency who didn't have it in them to stop and smell the roses. Goths, they called them—those little Vlads and Vampirellas, swaying numbly to the black mass of their choice, rendered catatonic by the pointlessness of it all. The most anthropologically unprobed of all the postpunk convulsions, these children of the damned swelled in number but remained outside music-media scrutiny. Ignore their eerie presence though we may, every time an act nurtured by these necrophiles manifests itself in the mainstream, a reminder is issued of their spending power. Most goth outfits are mausoleum pieces in the U.K., but over on these shores longevity breeds legitimacy. Groups undead for a decade now find themselves major players: Witness the evermore-sprawling success of the Cure, the belated breakout of Siouxsie and the Banshees, and the gradual ascendancy of one-time Bauhaus front man Peter Murphy.

Journalists with sexier syntaxes than mine have gotten their laptops steamed up trying to do justice to Murphy's boneless feline grace, his headlamp eyeballs, lethal cheekbones, and speaker-trembling baritone. Despite an increasingly warm-blooded body of work, the singer is defined by the single he's moved furthest from. The brooding, ominous, ridiculous, and yet riveting "Bela Lugosi's Dead," a subculture standard, did Murphy both a big favor and a massive disservice, tarring him forever with the bloodsucker brush. Less sphincter-shriveling in person, with the bearing of a down-at-heel balletomane, Murphy is well aware of the Dr. Doom persona synonymous with his name.

"That's the way of the media," he says with a shrug. "We tend to have an impression and that impression usually comes from the first moment of perception. I was perceived first and foremost in a band called Bauhaus, which had a song called 'Bela Lugosi's Dead.' People said that it was very demonic, very death-oriented, very mime-ic, very powerful visually. There's a certain saturnine quality about me as a person which makes me quite focused as a performer, quite tense. You find that hard to lose. Journalists tend to stick to that, because it's good copy—it's a biographical blueprint of a person. I understand it, but it can be frustrating. It's not all doom and gloom just because you use the word *death* in a song. Depending on your perspective on that subject and the way it's written about, it can be a very positive and light thing."

While the United States slept, Murphy's last offering, *Deep*, racked up sales of over 300,000. It would seem likely that the new album, *Holy Smoke*, his most cohesive and durable effort to date, will consolidate his U.S. standing. Nevertheless, he retains a sense of dislocation and—here it comes—alienation in his general outlook. Has this always been a part of his character makeup?

"Definitely," Murphy muses. "When I was a child, I felt very dislocated from what was expected and what I was seeing around me as being the conventional way to live. It's coming to the point now where that's an acceptable way to be. But back then, I didn't realize that was the case until I got a point of reference. That's when you get older, into your early teens. You start to see what might be called a more sensitive nature, which might be termed artistic, the source of wanting to create something. And you disappear into that.

"I always wanted to be able to speak and express myself in a way that wasn't full of fear and inhibition," he continues. "Being quite sheltered, coming from a working-class family, the main aim was a job for the rest of our lives. At the same time, there was that nonencouragement from the school system to be anything other than a laborer. A careers officer met you for half an hour, after five years of totally misfocused training of a young human being, teaching you useless information with no obvious applicable end and no sense of what university was. Going into life with that sort of backup can be, for anyone, quite a disorienting and frightening experience. I basically stumbled around for five years. I loved singing, I knew that. All my friends had gone to art college, I had no notion of that. I came, as I said, from a working-class family who just wanted me to do what would make me happy—but what was happy? They couldn't apply that to me. I had to find it out for myself. I worked for five years, and at the end of that period I really started to get a crystallized feeling of actually wanting to perform. The moment I started working with Danny [Ash, now of Love and Rockets], it was like, 'Oh God, at last, there is a way; I have got an ability.' It was very intense, a real outpouring."

Did a similar psychological state motivate him to leave Bauhaus?

"I didn't want to get out of the group and go solo. It was more like there was too much talent in the group and it had to fracture. Danny wanted to do his own thing. David [J, also of Love and Rockets] was always writing. My whole experience in Bauhaus was of a great focus—it fulfilled every possible need in terms of being creative. I wasn't a musician, and this wasn't just a band. This was my life. There was a twilight period after the band left, but by then I knew I was talented, I knew I could express myself. I could see there was a fame that I could build on."

At this point we are getting along so swimmingly that it seems duplicitous not to admit that I had spent the previous, fun weekend prior to our meeting taking a crash course in his music.

"It's frustrating that I know you're just doing this for a job," Murphy hisses, fangs bared. "There's no soul there. I now feel that there's no point in talking about it. I mean, why talk about something that the person hasn't really listened to?"

I extricate myself, veins intact, by telling him I'm hearing his music the way most non-diehards will: fresh and without preconceptions. This mollifies him to the degree that he tells me the man who painted his house whistles along to his tunes without knowing what they are. Our exchange leads me to wonder whether Murphy may not be a little oversensitive, a little lacking in levity, a little—

"Po-faced?" he snarls. "Do you think I'm humorless?"

Well . . .

"I won't take it personally."

Well . . .

"You've been asking me quite serious questions, and I've been trying to answer them seriously. We don't have a relationship where we're able to laugh together."

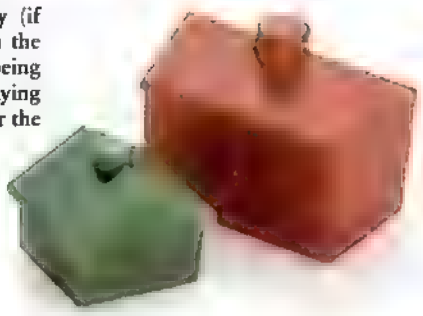
Maybe one day, Pete.

"Sitting here, I'm trying to strike a balance between answering you in a way that's genuine and working it out as I go along. It's weird when you're focused on as an individual—but, yes, there is humor in my life." ☻

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD

ANTIHERO

What is the United States' largest class of victims? Try youth. Young America has been gouged by its elders. The 1930s were a battle for survival, the '40s a war to end war, the '50s and early '60s comprised an era of Americans reaching for economic security—expanding expectations, which were dramatically (if never totally) fulfilled. Now in the '90s, Americans under 30 are being told that they've got to go on paying for their elders' good fortune for the rest of their lives.



Witness: Between 1950 and 1970, the American median family income rose by almost exactly 90 percent; since 1970, it has risen a mere 13 percent—one-seventh as fast. So much for expectations.

That is one dry statistic, among many. Others show up in the tables on these pages. A lot more show up in what every American can see, hear, smell—and feel in the guts, which for many young Americans are hurting. If not with hunger, then with anxiety.

The hope has gone out of it. We have CD players but no prospect of a moon landing or fresh progress in civil rights. The environment—to which candidates speak on these pages—is finally an issue. But only because the world has finally recognized what a catastrophe it has become.

The parental generations have borrowed—from their children and grandchildren—to pay for their comforts.

Witness: The interest paid on the national debt in 1964 was a bit over $10 billion, less than 10 percent of total federal taxes. The interest in 1992 will be more than $286 billion—28 times as much and 27 percent of all federal taxes. Social security taxes, which are paid out mainly to Americans over 62, have gone up, from 7.2 percent of income in 1964 to 15.2 percent in 1992.

Why 1964? That was when the parents of most of SPIN's readers were setting their personal agendas, building their expectations, nurturing their hopes.

Where did the hope go?

In 1964, President Lyndon B. Johnson, running for reelection, made a believable promise to end hunger and want in the United States. Speaking for a confident, energetic, and largely humane nation, he "declared war on poverty." Congress rushed to support his initiatives, erecting one great program and principle after another—Head Start, Model Cities, aid for education at every level, intervention in the cycle of poverty as well as succor for its victims.

In 1992, virtually nowhere in America can one not be aware of poverty. The homeless abound in what seems like every street and doorway that is not actively patrolled by police or rent-a-cops. Miserable slums are in every industrial city and town. In America today, the

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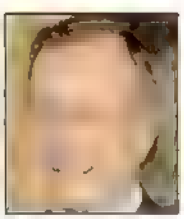
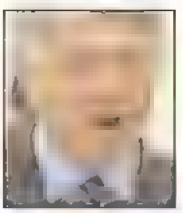
ON THE RECORD

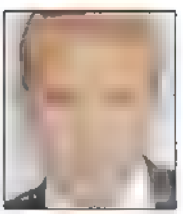
In the April Antihero, SPIN wrote of the country's need for "a coherent commitment to cease the throwaway-mentality despoliation of the entire planet." What follows are responses to SPIN's query on environmental policy from the candidates, or their campaign organizations' official positions.



George Bush: "My administration has achieved historic progress toward a cleaner environment. Our accomplishments and continuing priorities include the strongest clean-air laws in the world, an innovative and revitalized EPA, record-breaking law enforcement, accelerated cleanup of toxic waste sites, improved coastal stewardship, an eventual end to the net loss of wetlands, more efficient energy technologies, and increased international cooperation on problems like the ozone layer and pollution cleanup in developing countries."



Bill Clinton: "As governor of one of the most environmentally pristine states in the country, I fully realize the importance of a national commitment to protecting our precious natural resources. As President, I will not only give these issues the attention they deserve in and of themselves, but will also weave an environmental concern into all appropriate policy areas. I am specifically calling for increased conservation and recycling programs; using tax policies to discourage pollution; protection of our national forests; a wetlands policy based on science, not politics; protection of unique areas such as the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge from commercial exploitation; and several other vital and commonsense approaches to protecting our planet."



Paul Tsongas: "Paul Tsongas is a longtime environmentalist and proponent of rational energy use, including conservation and renewable energy. Since entering Congress in 1975, Paul Tsongas has devoted himself to the problems of acid rain, toxic waste, and other environmental hazards. He is an ardent supporter of recycling, land-use planning and preservation, and has articulated detailed positions on global warming, population control, and resource usage."

JAIME RIONDO

poor and poverty are an accepted fact, not a problem to be solved.

The positions of most of the candidates, their attitudes about poverty, range from resignation to recrimination—at best, the poor are helpless victims, and at worst, shiftless malingerers.

And that same attitude tends to dominate the candidates' positions on other rightful concerns of America's youth. If those candidates are going to serve youth's interests, they will have to speak to the future that today's young will inherit. They must offer a future America's youth will *want* to inherit.

There is an election in November. A lot of politicking will be done before that. Will any of those candidates speak to youth? For youth?

Stay tuned. On these pages.

MICHAEL FAKENHAM

Research by Daniel Fidler, Nathaniel Wice, and Martin Wooster

Americans Arrested for Crimes

	1964	1989
Total arrests	4,685,000	11,261,000
Arrests, ages 18 to 24	966,000	3,431,000
Percentage ages 18-24 among all who were arrested	20.6%	30.5%

Rates of Diseases Reported in America

	1964	1989
AIDS	——	38,154
Gonorrhea	300,666	734,127
Measles	450,083	18,193
Syphilis (all stages)	114,325	115,113
Tuberculosis	50,874	23,495

(Note:The U.S. population increased from 193 million in 1964 to 249 million in 1989, about 30 percent, so only gonorrhea increased faster than the population.)

Generational Earnings Gap: Youth Suffers

Average income for U.S. households in which the head is under 25 years old, including people who live alone, compared to all households:

(in current dollars)	Youth	All households	Youth's percent of average
1967 (earliest year available)	$ 5,911	$ 7,989	74%
1990	$21,484	$37,403	57%

Death Chances

Death rates for ages 15-24, per 100,000:

	1964	1989
All causes	108.5	99.9
All accidents	59.2	45.8
Car accidents	42.0	35.4
Suicides	6.0	13.3
Homicides	8.3	16.9

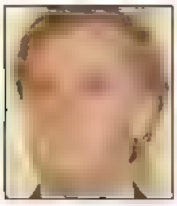
Guzzling Geezers

Portion of the federal buget spent on the elderly, in billions:

	1964	1990
Spending on Elderly	$ 21.4	$ 410.6
Total Spending	$118.5	$1,251.8
Elderly's Percentage of Total Spending	18.0%	32.8%

	1964	1990
Gross Federal Debt:	$316,059,000,000	$3,206,336,000,000
Per Capita Federal Debt:	$1,638.55	$12,889.17

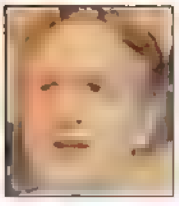
Sources "Death Chances": National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, MD); "Americans Arrested for Crimes": U.S. Department of Justice (Washington, DC); "Rates of Diseases Reported in America": Centers for Disease Control (Atlanta, GA); "Debt": Dept. of Treasury (Washington, D.C.); "Earnings Gap": Census Bureau (Washington, D.C.); "Guzzling Geezers": Admin. on Aging (Washington, D.C.).



Bob Kerrey: "As President of the United States, I'd come on television and say to the American people, 'We are rising on a mound of garbage that we have created ourselves, and we must do something about it.'

"We have been operating under an out-of-sight, out-of-mind principle for so long that we just don't understand that there's a real need for us to change our behavior.

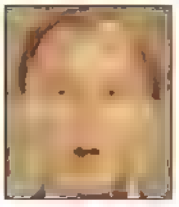
"I'd also like to work with America's youth—a group I know to be much more engaged and active than the mainstream media seems to think—to help build and execute the strategy for cleaning up our country's, and this world's, environment."



WORLD WIDE PICTURES

Tom Harkin: "A Harkin administration would work to preserve our natural resources, including our ancient forests, tropical rain forests, wetlands, and nature's rich biodiversity. Tom Harkin believes we must develop plans to preserve our national resources and stop pollution, while minimizing the impact on workers and private landowners.

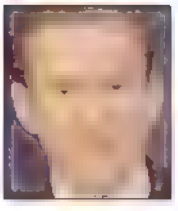
"Tom Harkin would be the environmental President in word and deed. The key goal of a Harkin administration will be sustainability. That means ending pollution, resource depletion, and overpopulation, the three great threats to the health of our citizens and the security of our nation."



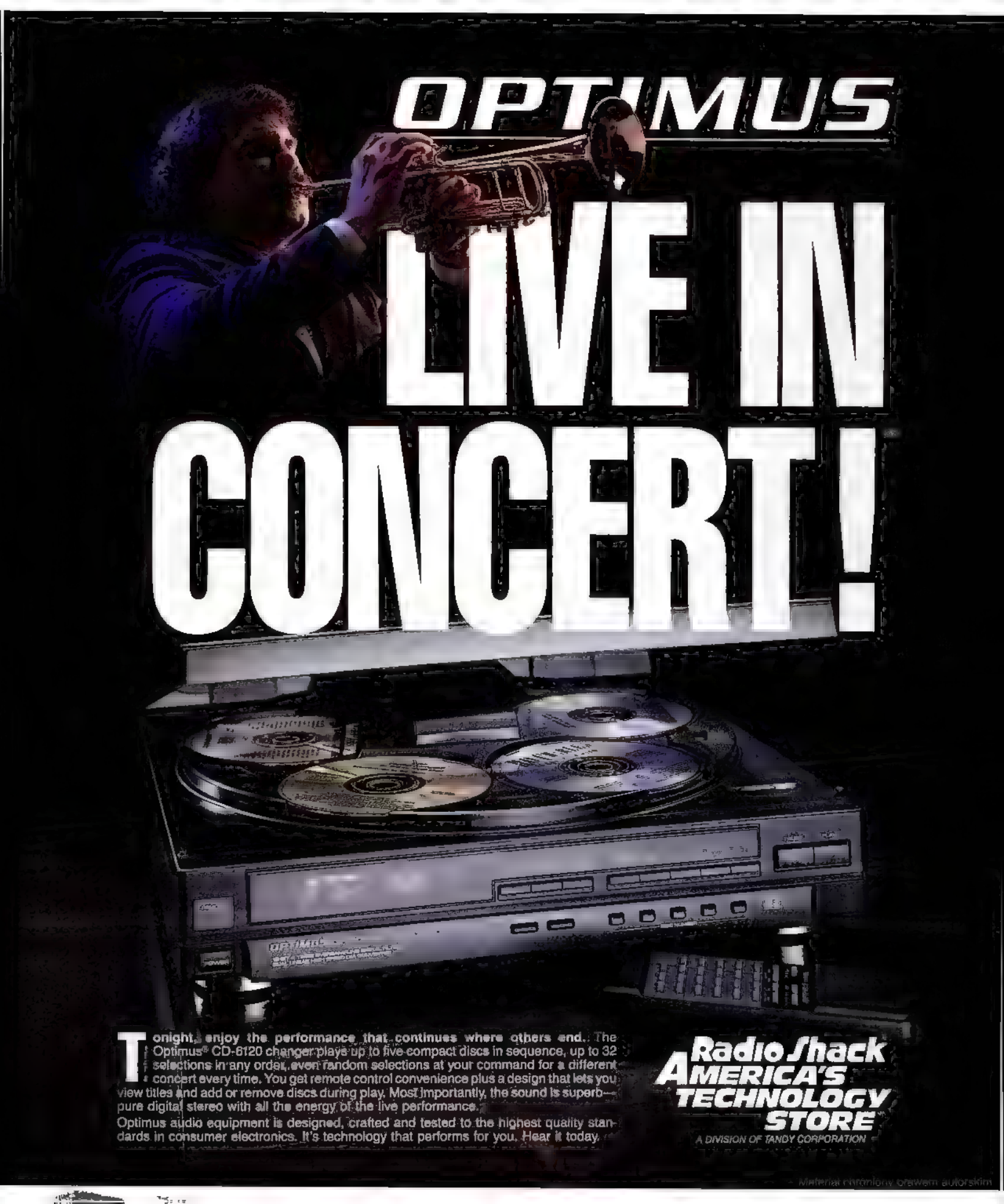
Jerry Brown: "As a small minority of the world's population, we cannot sustain a way of life that uses one-third of the world's basic resources for but a few percent of its people, but we can invent new ways to live better. We can learn to place quality above quantity and caring above consumption.

"It's scandalous that people feel they have to split the atom to boil water to create steam to turn a turbine. We can do that in a much more environmentally benign way than Bush and the Republicans would suggest.

"We have to live in a way that is compatible with our environment and other living things."



Pat Buchanan: "We all want to preserve America's natural beauty. But the greatest environmental threat is the threat the government poses to the business environment and to private property rights. We've saved the spotted owl but are we willing to save the American worker? As President, I will impose a two-year moratorium on new regulations."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AIDS

WORDS FROM THE FRONT

Many people with HIV aren't getting sick. New research suggests that they may hold the key to a cure for those who are. REUBEN STEIGER reports.

Biologist George Pieczenik, *above*, believes that there are "safe" strains of HIV that, when injected into people with AIDS, can overpower and neutralize the deadly strains.

WORLD-FAMOUS BIOLOGIST GEORGE PIECZENIK, with his crimson Harvard suspenders and neatly trimmed beard, looks more like a man waiting for his turn on the golf course than a scientist. Indeed, he is a scientist and one that may be on the verge of a very important discovery. Pieczenik has been studying subjects who have been HIV-positive for more than ten years and who have not developed AIDS, with the belief that these patients hold the key to the cure of the disease.

His theory is a new twist in the ongoing debate about just how deadly HIV really is. Pieczenik's take on HIV is a middle ground of sorts. Unlike Berkeley biologist Peter Duesberg, who thinks HIV is harmless, Pieczenik believes that "regular" HIV is deadly, but that there are strains of HIV that are harmless. He theorizes that these nonpathogenic strains might overpower and neutralize the deadly strains. Dr. Pieczenik has been working for the past two years with a team comprised of lawyer Roy Durham and physician Michael Scolaro in an effort to defeat AIDS by goading HIV into genetic competition. But the research process is complicated, and detractors are trying to stop him on the grounds that testing his theory is risky and unethical. The method involves injecting HIV-tainted blood taken from a patient Pieczenik believes to be infected with the "safe" strain into an HIV-positive patient with AIDS, with the hope that the safe strain will overpower the deadly strain. If it doesn't, Pieczenik reasons, the patient will not be further harmed by the new strain.

After Dr. Pieczenik conceived the research project in 1990, Roy Durham compiled a list of possible donors by writing to over 1,700 doctors in U.S. hospitals, asking them for information on any patient who fit the profile: HIV-positive, asymptomatic for over ten years, and with the T-cell count of a healthy person. Then Scolaro began to treat a test group of 11 patients with AIDS in Los Angeles using the donor blood. When he began, they had a mean T4-cell count (an indicator of immune response) of 66. Normal is anywhere from 800 to over 1,200. One was blind and in a coma. The treatment consisted of injecting the patients with a small amount of the donor blood, repeated after three months. After one year, four patients reverted to good health, six others stabilized and improved their immune response, while the 11th, who had been in a coma, died.

What Pieczenik proposes is that viruses like AIDS follow the laws of natural selection as obediently as a hulking Galapagos tortoise. The virus wishes to survive and cannot if it kills its host. Pieczenik believes that the survival for more than ten years of HIV-positive subjects who have not developed AIDS is evidence of this very phenomenon at work. Either these subjects are immune to the disease, or their strain of the virus does not cause AIDS.

The theory is not without precedent. In the 1950s, farmers in Australia battled the problem of rampant pestilence due to an overpopulation of rabbits. Their answer was to introduce a virus in the hope of killing off the rabbits. Instead, their plan was foiled when a spontaneous mutation resulted in a non-disease-causing strain that competed with the virulent strain.

If competitive nonpathogenic viruses can exist in rabbits, the same phenomenon could explain why some people with HIV have not developed AIDS. Central to the theory are certain tenets of the law of natural selection and Darwinian theory. Pieczenik's work suggests that it may be possible to artificially accelerate this form of natural selection by using nonpathogenic strains to compete with disease-causing strains. It is already possible to observe this competition in Africa, where two strains of HIV—HIV I and HIV II—have been identified, the latter being far less lethal. ▶

AMY GUIP

Harvard biologist Max Essex, an expert on African AIDS, cites a mere 10 percent death rate for those infected with HIV II, as compared with the nearly 100 percent figure for HIV I. According to Essex, this model shows that it is possible for one strain of HIV to outcompete another and to promote survival in those infected. "However, it's very tricky to find the right strain, considering that no two people have the exact same virus."

The medical world has been polarized in its support for Pieczenik, dividing along the lines of virologists and therapists. The issue is whether research of this nature can be conducted in the laboratory, using tissue cultures rather than live subjects.

On the virologists' side, Max Essex says, "In general, I don't think it's a good idea to use something like this on live subjects, it's much better to try it in the lab." Clinicians, however, are more likely to concur with their colleague Dr. Tillman Pierce of St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital in New York, who says, "It is useless to test methods like this in the lab because we simply don't know where the battle is taking place. We can't be sure whether to test the virus in a test tube on blood cells, skin cells, or lymph cells. In addition, there is no animal model for AIDS, so the way in which [Pieczenik's] research was conducted was the only possible method."

"Anyone who understands the theory supports it," says Pieczenik. "We have made an end run around the viral gardeners. There is no way virologists can identify a clinically nonpathogenic strain in tissue culture. You have to look for these strains in healthy people." Indeed, many scientists agree with him, and Pieczenik's proponents include some notable scientists, including Sir Aaron Klug, director of Cambridge University's Medical Research Council and the 1982 Nobel Prize winner in chemistry for his work on nucleic acids and genetics. He speaks glowingly of his longtime associate Pieczenik, saying, "Although George is very unorthodox, I have the utmost respect for him as a scientist." He calls Pieczenik's theory "very neat, elegant, and original," while at the same time stressing that "Dr. Pieczenik is quite certified ethically. The patients were on death's door and the therapy was carried out under the laws of informed consent. Any doctor has the right to carry out such work if the risks are enumerated to the patients beforehand."

Klug points to the high success rate in Pieczenik's test group as evidence that the treatment might work on a larger scale. "This virus," he says, "is morphic, constantly changing, and it needs a lot of further study. Pieczenik's work must continue."

The possibility of mutation raises the chilling question, What would happen if the virus mutated so that it was either windborne or more infectious? Pieczenik is unruffled by such a scenario, dismissing it by saying, "Usually in evolution, the push is not toward the more virulent. If it did occur, transmission and death would accelerate, and the rate of spread would slow down."

Harvard biologist Max Essex, an expert on African AIDS, cites a mere 10 percent death rate for those infected with HIV II, as compared with the nearly 100 percent figure for HIV I.

PIECZENIK'S TALE HAS ECHOES OF past epidemics. In the 1950s, when polio was creeping insidiously through the bathhouses and swimming pools of Europe and the U.S., there was a frenzy for a cure. Live virus research, at that time done by Albert Sabin, was regarded with skepticism and lacked governmental support; Sabin was forced to go to the Soviet Union to test his vaccine. Indeed, it was Jonas Salk who was heralded as the discoverer of the polio vaccine, yet today, his dead virus cure is not used; Sabin's is.

Pieczenik points to a similar scenario today, his research having met with a thundering silence from the federal government. When Rock Hudson was stricken with AIDS in 1985, he points out, so slow and ineffective was the U.S. system that the actor was forced to go on a pathetic pilgrimage to France in his dying days to try an untested cure. "Until the President of the United States comes down with AIDS like Franklin Roosevelt did with polio," says Pieczenik, "nothing significant will be done to help clinicians fight this disease."

Pieczenik likens the government's handling of AIDS to its treatment of the Vietnam War—the "amplification of an error"—arguing that the government is too committed to the prevailing AIDS ideology to admit that there may be alternatives. Nevertheless, he believes his vaccine to be the most promising on the medical scene today. "Scolaro [the physician with whom Pieczenik has been working] has more clinical experience with AIDS than any physician or scientist at NIH. He has more clinical smell for this disease than anyone, and if anyone is to crack it, I think it will be us."

The debate over live virus vaccines is far from resolved, however. Despite the success of the Sabin polio vaccine, there has been a movement in recent years to halt its use because of the slight but nevertheless real danger that live vaccines can actually cause disease in otherwise healthy individuals. Pieczenik says his cure is not of commercial interest to pharmaceutical companies because of the live virus "liability," and that the FDA also believes it to be too risky for use on human subjects. "Our work," Pieczenik says, "is to develop a potential competing vaccine that will never revert.

"Conventional therapies are just a choice of two evils. AZT lets you choose to die of a lymphoma, and the morphine drip simply cushions your eventual death."

Other researchers, including AIDS physician Dr. Charles Carpenter of Rhode Island's Miriam Hospital, agree that there is a dearth of effective remedies. On the issue of whether Pieczenik's competing vaccine is an ethical one, Dr. Carpenter remarks, "Ultimately, the prerogative is the patient's alone. The research is well worthwhile, and we have to explore all avenues."

Some of Pieczenik's staunchest opposition has come from members of the AIDS activist group ACT UP (although there are also supporters of Pieczenik among its ranks—there's a popular misconception that AIDS activists stand unified in their views). New York ACT UP leader Mark Harrington bristles at the mention of Pieczenik's work. "I think there are a lot of questions about the pathogenesis of AIDS and I don't think these people are helping. They jeopardize human patients and use them as guinea pigs." On the other hand, ACT UP member and New York lawyer David Samuels, himself a potential patient, is enthusiastic about Pieczenik's therapy,

which follows a phenomenon called "pairing" or "clustering" that he urges researchers to notice. Even before Pieczenik's research trials began, one of the donors of the "safe" strain was found to have possibly ameliorated the condition of a person with AIDS he was sleeping with. In this case, the donor, by reinfecting a sexual partner in declining health with his competitive nonpathogenic strain of the virus, appears to have helped slow the rate of decline and even helped improve his condition.

Samuels urges that "recruitment has to continue in order to find new donors," noting that the prime blood donor for Pieczenik's project has "begun to reconvert from nonpathogenic HIV-positive to HIV-negative, making him normal and nonuseful." Also, because no two strains of a virus are exactly alike, there may be donors out there with better, more effective competitive nonpathogenic strains than the ones that have already been found.

For now, Pieczenik's initial trials have not been expanded as a courtesy to NIH officials who have asked for more time to understand the work. There is, however, at least a first glimmer of interest in Pieczenik's work by the establishment: Dr. Anthony Fauci, head of the National Institute for Allergy and Infectious Diseases and a member of the U.S. AIDS Commission, asked Pieczenik to speak in Washington last January.

Pieczenik, known by his friends and colleagues as "the last of the just," is optimistic. Looking out the window on a gloomy afternoon, Pieczenik concludes with a hint of optimism, "Maybe someday down the line we can reverse history. One theory has it that AIDS exploded all over the U.S. when a handsome airline steward traveled coast to coast spreading the disease. Perhaps by finding the right man, perhaps he can do the same thing for us in reverse, acting like a virological Angel of Life." In these times of uncertainty and paranoia, such hopes are indispensable.

Benetton Acts Up

BENETTON, THE ITALIAN CLOTHING company known for its unconventional, often controversial ad campaigns, has outdone itself with a two-page spread of AIDS patient David Kirby on his deathbed, surrounded by grief-stricken family members. Only a few lines of type with the company's slogan, "United Colors of Benetton," and a telephone number for store information indicate that the photograph is indeed an advertisement for the sportswear manufacturer. Critics view the ad, one of six images in Benetton's new campaign, as exploitative, but the company insists that its motives are pure, that its intent is to increase awareness about AIDS rather than capitalize on it. "An ad can do something more than sell a sweater," explains Tibor Kalman, editor in chief of *Colors*, Benetton's in-store publication. Kalman says the company's ads focus on ideas, not products.

"The point of the ad isn't to sell clothing. Benetton took quite a risk with it," said William Kirby, the late AIDS victim's father, fighting back tears at a Benetton press conference. Kirby and his wife, Kay, allowed the company to use the tragic family photo to show how devastating the disease really is.

Outraged detractors argue that the company is using the anguish of an AIDS death to sell clothes, and that the ad is too ambiguous and uninformative to qualify as a public service. "It's not enough to show a horrible picture and leave it at that. AIDS has been around for ten years, and people need to know more," says David Eng, spokesperson for Gay Men's Health Crisis in New York. The ad was rejected by several British publications (*British Elle* went to press with two blank pages in its place and lost almost $150,000 in revenue), but it is running in a number of U.S. publications, including *SPIN*.

Benetton, whose 6,500 stores worldwide reported record sales of nearly $2 billion last year, is used to controversy—last year's safe-sex ads, featuring pastel-colored condoms, also caused a furor and were rejected by a number of publications. "In some cases one must have courage," says Oliviero Toscani, Benetton's creative director. "Our intentions are good. Why do real images make some people so crazy?"

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MOVING IMAGES

SPIN'S MEDIA MONITOR BY JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

BACK TO HELL

Is he merely third man on the franchise, or can director Anthony Hickox put his own stamp on *Hellraiser 3: Hell on Earth*?

OF ALL THE SOCIETAL GROUPS brutalized, abused, and manipulated by modern living, few have been hit harder than horror-movie fans. Their desperation and credulity are known, scorned, and exploited by unscrupulous hucksters mindful of the old maxim, "No one ever lost money on a horror film." Video racks are groaning with titles whose main budgetary and creative considerations went into conjuring up a double take–inducing title and box. *The Silence of the Lambs*–style descents into blackness notwithstanding, big-screen frighteners are extremely scarce and sanitized. It's a rare event when a scare movie is granted a wide release, let alone one directed by an avowed enthusiast. "I was dying to do it," says expatriate British director Anthony Hickox of his helming role on the upcoming *Hellraiser 3: Hell on Earth*. "It was kind of exciting to be attached to Clive Barker and that whole mythology."

A mad-eyed maverick in a mid-'80s market stuffed with naked, dead teenagers, Barker caused serious seismic rumblings in the horror arena with his flesh-flaying original and its hedonist-pulping premise. Weakened by pedestrian staging—the distracting setting of an Anglo-American netherworld and bogeymen who didn't actually *do* anything—the first *Hellraiser* was no masterpiece. But its never-previously-witnessed array of sick thrills and trio of full-tilt lead performances (Ashley Laurence, Andrew Robinson, and, especially, Clare Higgins) elevated the movie way above the cleaver-wielding competition. Haphazard matte backgrounds and idiotic plotting marred the subsequent *Hellbound: Hellraiser II*, but the movie still found enough favor to overshadow Clive Barker's next directorial effort, the ludicrous *Night Breed*. *Hellbound*'s director, Tony Randel, dropped out of number three early on to be replaced by Tony Hickox, a name known to desperate, credulous horror fans as one of the few browser names not guaranteed to leave them with a sick, empty feeling. His previous box-fillers, *Waxwork* and the vampire Western, *Sundown*, were successful stabs at that recipe for disaster: the horror comedy. No chuckles this time round.

Welcome to hell, *from left*: Director Anthony Hickox, Doug "Pinhead" Bradley, and actress Terry Farrell.

"You can hide your dark side in comedy," says Hickox. "Like in *Waxwork*, when somebody's having his leg chopped up, you can laugh about it. But after they see this movie, people'll be looking very strangely at me in restaurants. There's a lot more violence than in the other two. There's scenes in this one that are really shocking. The body count is huge—no, *huge*, like thousands."

I'm eager for examples of the slaughter.

"You sound like *Fangoria*," he mocks, before continuing avidly. "There's a scene where Pinhead is brought to life in this big New York nightclub. That's where he finds a home because of the kind of people who go there and the kind of life they're living. The decadent days of Sodom life. There's literally—*literally*—thousands of dead bodies lining the floor, people hanging by their tongues from hooks. That's probably the most disgusting scene in the movie, so much so that I really don't think children should be allowed to see this film."

Descended from a cinematic lineage—his father, Douglas, directed the celebrated 1973 startler *Theatre of Blood*—is Hickox happy to prop up some-

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The Waterdance (Samuel Goldwyn)
Any movie that puts an exposed colostomy bag up on the screen can't be all bad. Set in a physical rehab center, this ensemble piece marks the directorial debut of *River's Edge* scenarist Neal Jiminez. Eric Stoltz is the embittered rookie through whose eyes we view the wheelchair-bound world. Wesley Snipes and William Forsythe overcome cultural differences to find mutual respect. Trite in places, affecting in others. And did I mention the colostomy bag?

The Favour, the Watch, and the Very Big Fish (Trimark)
Another unwanted souvenir from Jeff Goldblum's European vacation. Since the career peak of *The Fly*, this actor's instincts seems to have gone down the toilet. Remember *Beyond Therapy*? *The Tall Guy*? *Mister Frost*? Still AWOL from American soil, he turns up opposite Bob Hoskins in a quirky Paris-based affair in which he plays the perfect Christ figure to Hoskins's virginal photographer of devotional pictures. Come on home, ya big lug.

Monster in a Box (Fine Line)
You and I get caught up in long, rambling streams of consciousness and they call us boring—Spalding Gray, they canonize as master monologuist. Following his *Killing Fields* reminiscences in *Swimming to Cambodia*, Gray's new offering ruminates on field trips to Russia, L.A., and Nicaragua, all the while extracting amusement from bemusement.

Poison Ivy (New Line)
Out of detox and back on de screen, Drew Barrymore sluts it up big-time in hyper-Corman graduate Katt Shea Ruben's demented, tragicomic, soft-core cringer. A bodacious bad seed, she worms her way into the bosom of a nuclear family, pushing it toward meltdown. Squirm in your seat as she seduces, abandons, and destroys Tom Skerritt, Cheryl Ladd, Sara Gilbert, and the family dog. A future camp classic.

KEITH PAYNE

one else's vision in his role as third man on the franchise? "When I met with Clive, I told him I prayed he was going to like it, because I'm a big fan, but it's going to be my movie, my way. I'm not a director for hire, I never have been. I don't think the fans will be disappointed, if they take it as someone else's interpretation that doesn't destroy the mythology, doesn't even open up that many new doors, just tells a whole new story within the rules." With the *Elm Street* series concluded and the *Halloweens* and *Friday the 13ths* long out of commission, *Hellraiser* looks like the last of the brand-name scare movies. What's the appeal?

"Sex," says Hickox firmly. "It's definitely the sexiest of all the horror movies. It plays on women very heavily. I've seen Pinhead walk out in a crowd. It's like being with a rock star—he gets mobbed. His power is very sexy, the whole S&M thing doesn't hurt." (It does, you know.) For Hickox, it's back-to-back sequels with *Waxwork 2* his current priority. He's noncommittal about the prospects of *Hellraiser 4*, but will admit that by the end of his film, "everything goes full circle. . . . You could be back in *Hellraiser 1*."

Boilerplate trends: 1985's *Weird Science* (above) was one of three in a genre that came and went that summer; *3 Men and a Baby* (below) started a movie baby boom in 1987–88.

BANDWAGONESQUE

Body-swapping, baseball, barnyards. Movie trends.

GEORGE P COSMATOS DID THE right thing. By dropping out of *Christopher Columbus: The Discovery* in preproduction, the director avoided becoming ensnared for a second time in a cinematic gridlock. In 1989, *Leviathan*, his cheesily entertaining, underwater *Alien*, was caught in a whirlpool with James Cameron's almost-epic *The Abyss* and Sean Cunningham's shoddy *DeepStar Six*. Rather than bump heads with Ridley Scott's apparently simultaneously conceived Columbus project, Cosmatos jumped ship, leaving the project in the hands of ex-Bond director John Glen and his enviable cast (Marlon Brando, Tom Selleck, Rachel Ward. Hello Oscar!).

Hollywood's a small town. Voice mail is activated the second a producer succumbs to a handjob-occasioned heart attack. Yet when clumps of identical projects are green-lit, all the parties involved seem surprised—*we had no idea*. This year it's Columbus twins, last year it was a mad scramble to shoot the first arrow from Robin Hood's bow and the glut of gangster movies. Every time some bright spark tries to seize the zeitgeist, movies screech to a standstill. Right behind gun-toting guido films, broody movies have occupied the most densely populated area. Gurgling, drooling, diaper-filled mush like *3 Men and a Baby*, *Baby Boom*, *For Keeps*, and *She's Having a Baby* rocked the communal cradle in the moviegoing period of 1987 to 1988. The outbreak of body-swap movies touched a less immediately obvious audience nerve: the desire to return to formative years and *do it right this time*. The boilerplate body swapper was Penny Marshall's duct-filling *Big*, which briefly bridged the gap between Tom Hanks's laudable talent and his lamentable taste. The other entries in the frazzled-adult-and-fractious-child-change-places field—*Vice Versa*, *Like Father, Like Son*, and *18 Again!*—were dumb and dull enough to be regular Tom Hanks movies.

An array of baseball movies in 1988 were bookended by Kevin Costner at his best (*Bull Durham*) and most boring (the oldster-stroking *Field of Dreams*). Charlie Sheen, whose range isn't even that wide, was sandwiched in between with *Major League* and John Sayles's glum *Eight Men Out*.

Sometimes Xerox movies can be initiated to exploit a trend that doesn't exist. Following the smash success of *War Games*, computer nerds were tapped as the next big constituency. Summer 1985 saw *Weird Science*, *Real Genius*, and *My Science Project* released in the same week. Few were tempted to boot up. As spurious as the previous decade's teen-aggrandizement became, it was no less deluded than various aging A-list actresses' efforts to render themselves one with the soil. Whatever possessed these stars—women with lustrous hair, women with all-year, all-over tans, women with Olympian tone, women with *staff*—to levitate toward projects that would portray them as gritty, stiff-lipped bundles of resourcefulness, strapped into dirty aprons, one armpit submerged in dishwater, the other in cow buttock? The year of the barnyard movie was 1984: Sissy Spacek in *The River*, Jessica Lange in *Country*, and Sally Field in *Places in the Heart*, which inspired her very authentic, down-home acceptance blurt, "You like me. You *really* like me."

Some of these duplications are the result of cutthroat commercial considerations, others are merely coincidences. Whatever their genesis, a proliferation of similar source material is inevitable. Even a two-fisted truth-teller like Oliver Stone is in the firing line. Having successfully squashed the possibility of one rival Kennedy pic (Phil Joanou's *Libra*) jostling for screen space, Stone must contend with another—John Mackenzie's

The barnyard flick circa 1984: John Malkovich in *Places in the Heart*.

Ruby—which will ensure that his *JFK* will be reduced from *the* JFK movie to *one* of the JFK movies, the way *Platoon* became one of the Vietnam films, the way *The Doors*—well, you know what I mean. The Santa Maria journeys aside, this year's slate seems relatively trend-free, but it's still early days, all it takes is for one pic to be acclaimed as original, innovative, unprecedented, and there'll be another one along any minute just like it.

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DREAMING AMERICA

NOTES OF A NEW JACK

BY SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT

All I Know (Part 2)

"Pretty Pony standing on the avenue / Flashin' a loaded pistol / 2 dumb 2 be true / Somebody told him playin' cops and robbers was cool / Would our rap have been different if we only knew?"
—from "The Future," Prince

YOU DECIDE TO FOREVER STRESS THE *HIP* in hip hop, because all the words you've written about hip hop go misunderstood anyway. If you stress the *hip* in hip hop, you make it into a fashion thing and—fashion being fascism, anyway—you suppress your passion and just flow. You stop searching. You stop searching, because you realize that they have stopped searching; they think they've found what they're looking for. You hear people argue that there isn't one monolithic hip hop nation, that there are many shapes and sizes, ideologies, and approaches. Then you get shit from brothers because you chose P.M. Dawn as the hip hop debut of the year over "real" rap such as Brand Nubian and Naughty by Nature. One brother—who told you hip hop was all he knew, all he wanted to know—even threatened to take your "ghetto pass" away from you.

Your ghetto pass? Yeah, your ghetto pass, that badge of black butchness that qualifies your entry into all those parties a certain white woman hosts downtown. Of course, you don't take him seriously at first. Of course not. He knows not of what he speaks, right? Of course not. On and on, he goes: That bullshit ain't rap. (Later, he'll clap his hands and smile because KRS-One kicked P.M. Dawn's ass at a rap show. They got what they deserved, he seems to say.) "It's good," he says, then, snidely, "that SPIN has a black voice to support real rap." So you take out your wallet and you offer him your ghetto pass. Because in his ghetto, there won't be any gay men or lesbians. There won't be any old people or physically disabled people or intellectuals, or even—especially—straight women.

No dissenters. Just a whole lot of black boys between 16 and 23, standing around in baggy jeans and "X"-branded skull caps, looking at each other or walking in packs of nine, saving the nation.

"I'm worse at what I do best / And for this gift I feel blessed / Our little group has always been and always will until the end."
—"Smells Like Teen Spirit," Nirvana

HERE YOU ARE NOW; ENTERTAIN yourself. You stress the *hip* in hip hop, because even if you don't always want to hear it, you love to see it. You get turned on at concerts when you see thousands of black heads jumping in unison, the beat kicked to them just right. You realize that the posse-power body language of hip hop emphasizes a profound and provocative boy love. The love is there: The subtext of those sexy, subjective words and the abstract extended family of cohorts who stand onstage (but don't rap or scratch), occasionally indulging a fierce East Coast stomp. They'd like to think they've forgotten love, that love is strictly the domain of Shakespeare and King John, that love has forgotten who they were or what they mean.

An overheard conversation, preconcert: "In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight."

You try not to care that when Naughty by Nature asked how many "real niggas" were in the audience, hordes of suburban white chicks raised their hands and shook their bracelets.

That's a soundman, singing into the microphone, testing the level. "How's that?" he shouts up to the guy at the soundboard. "Again?" He clears his throat. "Near the village, the peaceful village . . ."

He says he always sings this song at sound checks. He calls young black men lions. "The lions have come," he says about hip hop, about the sudden sullen spokesmen in baseball caps. "Y'all got it going on, I'll tell ya," he says to one of the rappers. "Y'all fucked up in a lot of ways, 'cause y'all act like y'all the first to be sayin' some of the shit y'all be sayin'. But damn," he throws a fake punch at the rapper, "y'all say the shit real live."

"You the strange one," he says to the rapper. "You so melancholy. Just like my grandmother used to say. You melancholy. A melancholy lion."

"Any such thing?" I ask him.

"Must be, 'cause it's the only way I can think to describe this motherfucker."

YOU CHOOSE TO EMPHASIZE THE *HIP* IN HIP HOP, because if you don't, you feel like you'll be swallowed whole by the sparkling melancholy hip hop demes, yet cherishes. Instead of spending time calling white women imperialists (and paying a savagely absurd price for such candor); instead of explaining to Charlie Rose where the art is in hip hop; instead of finding a different hero in each hit; instead of constructing poets as crusaders—you'll just listen and watch.

You'll stare at the black-and-white glossies that record companies package up and wonder who did the styling, because, like those characters in Toni Morrison's *Jazz* say, a badly dressed body is nobody at all. You try not to care that Cube says, "True niggas ain't gay" ("Horny Lil' Devil")—that's it's a metaphor. Or that when Naughty by Nature asked how many "real niggas" were in the audience at Radio City Music Hall, hordes of suburban white chicks raised their hands and shook their bracelets.

You won't cause any more ruckuses.

At least for now.

ANASTASIA VASILAKIS

GET TO KNOW

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LOVE ON ICE

"The twists and turns are what make you feel alive. Music is like life - you should be open to all it's emotions, says Love On Ice bassist Brent Williams when describing their music. the band, hailing from Portland, Oregon, plays high energy hard rock edged with moody quirkiness on their first album Nude " Catalog # 91829

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Emerging from behind the Orange Curtain - Orange County, CA, No Doubt achieved local success by playing concerts with the likes of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Fishbone, and Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers before signing to Interscope Records. No Doubt music is honest and optimistic, quirky and origina Catalog # 92109

MALEK FASHEK

Malek Fashek's unique version of rock 'n' roll, an exciting blend of reggae, rock and the percussive rhythms of his native Nigeria, stands out on his third album Spirit of Love. This is his debut album on Interscope Records, and the first to be widely released in America Catalog #91742

SHADES OF BROWN

Produced in Los Angeles and Minneapolis by the Funky Mercenaries, Stronger Than Strong is the first album from this vocal trio featuring Kim Coge, Leah Johnson and Christi Thornton. These young women are strikingly beautiful and exceptionaly talented and master soulful singing mixed with street savvy rapping. Catalog # 92106

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SPINS

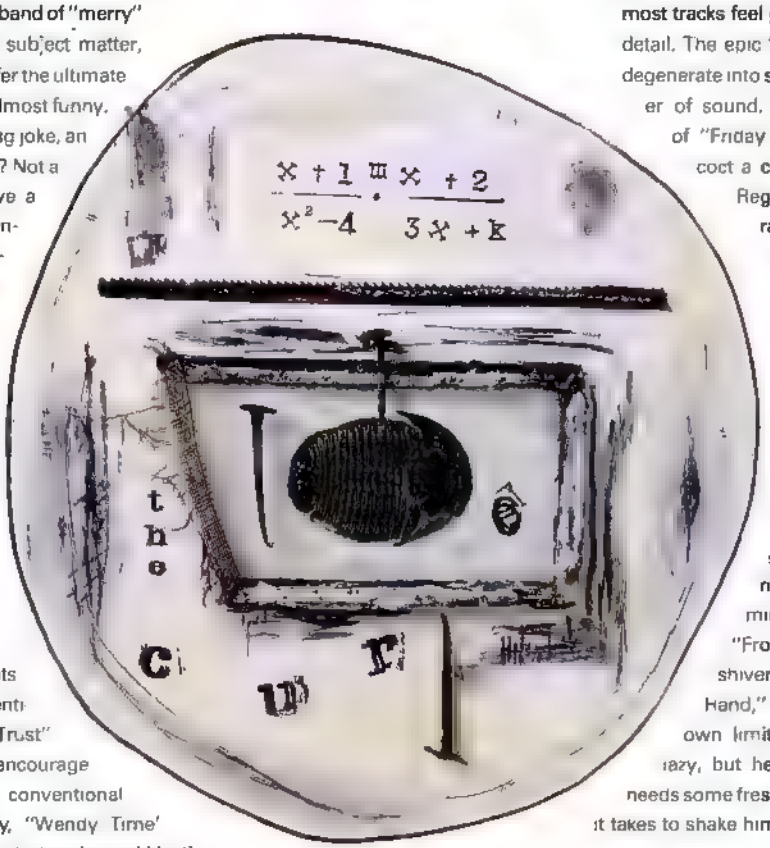
REVIEWS EDITED BY LAUREN SPENCER

PLATTER DU JOUR

CURE
Wish
Elektra

Sob, sob. Whimper, sniff. Sorry. I was just savoring the new Cure disc, which means taking a headlong plunge into a deep, dark pit of despair, with no hope of relief. Or does it? Fitting comfortably into the category of Another Cure Album, *Wish* makes it hard not to stereotype Robert Smith and his band of "merry" men: The sad melodies and pathetic subject matter, amplified by Smith's morbid vocals, offer the ultimate inexquisite pain. They're so down it's almost funny.

Hmmm. . . . Could the Cure be one big joke, an elaborate spoof of self indulgent angst? Not a chance, although the band does have a playful side, especially in its videos. Onscreen, that unholy nest of hair and living-dead pallor transform Smith into a perverse cartoon character, rather than the crooning undertaker he seems to be without visual aids. Finding the fun in the dense textures of *Wish* is tougher, since almost every track wallows in the agonies of shattered relationships. For those who keep score, Smith plays the rejected in three songs and the rejector in four, while lovers split by mutual bitter consent on two others. Sigh.



At least give him credit for finding lots of different ways to convey the same sentiments. Shimmering and predictable, "Trust" and "To Wish Impossible Things" encourage hand-wringing and underscore how conventional the band's outlook really is. Happily, "Wendy Time" steps up the pace, prompting Smith to strut and growl like the feisty little punk he was back when the Cure began in the late '70s. "It doesn't touch me at all," he bellows in response to a woman's come-on, furiously stomping a wahwah pedal for emphasis. Boosting the noise content, Smith digs deeper into this vein of anger on the howling "Cut," an explosion of ill will and feedback that finds him snarling, "You don't care anymore." Open resentment (instead of the usual teary regret) equals increased thrills. Now that's entertainment!

If only he'd cut loose more. *Wish* showcases Smith's considerable skills as a craftsman—often overshadowed by his screwy persona and mass appeal—but most tracks feel planned to death, sacrificing spirit for detail. The epic "End" threatens to get crazy, only to degenerate into sludge as Smith piles on layer after layer of sound. The jangly guitars and perky tempo of "Friday I'm in Love" prove he can still concoct a catchy single, albeit a bloodless one. Regardless, the tune boasts some memorable lines, including "It's such a gorgeous sight / To see you eat in the middle of the night."

Unfriendly souls might imply that the Cure always sounds the same, which is a filthy lie. However, the lads can claim a highly distinctive style, and more than a few bands have taken a cue from (copied, if you like) Smith's good thing. Maybe he should consider nicking somebody else's ideas, just to add variety to the recipe. While you can admire the passionate guitar riff that drives "From the Edge of the Deep Green Sea," or shiver to the ominous vibes of "The Big Hand," *Wish* doesn't resonate beyond its own limited atmosphere. Robert Smith isn't lazy, but he's extremely conservative. The boy needs some fresh air. Or a kick in the behind. Whatever it takes to shake him up.

Jon Young

STEVEN DANA

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- Whoa! Slow down, pal. This album is pretty good, but you can't buy everything in the store. Can you?
- Stop it. Put that down. Go buy something to eat instead. You have to eat, too, you know.

BEASTIE BOYS

Check Your Head

Capitol

Face it, the Beastie Boys are a bunch of smarmy, wiseass brats who always seem to get what they want. But that's why we love 'em. Regarded for their highly unusual combination of brash irreverence, dumb humor, and studio expertise, these toxic triplets have proven to the world that 1986's multiplatinum romp, *Licensed to Ill*, was no frat-boy fluke. After a long and arduous layoff due to their much publicized ugly split with producer Rick Rubin and the Def Jam label, the outfit moved to Capitol and unleashed '90's epochal *Paul's Boutique*, a critical smash and financial disaster.

Check Your Head, the group's third full-length endeavor, is the next logical step in its stellar career. Thick, deep, textured, and varied, *Head* isn't an easy morsel to digest at one sitting, but like the putrid borscht-and-sour-cream concoction these kinda-nice Jewish boys were undoubtedly weaned on, once you dig deep down and get used to the pungent flavor, this album will have you overindulging and begging for more. What makes *Check Your Head* so vital and timely is the groove quotient. No longer silly, yet steadfastly sardonic, the Beasties take their rap-rock hybrid audience on an aural joyride from the Cheap Trick *Live at Budokan* bite ("This next one is the first song on our new album") on the LP's first track, "Jimmy James," to an old-school hip hop send-off called "Pass the Mic," to a full-on hardcore track, "The Biz vs. the Nuge," to the Ramsey Lewis–Incredible Jimmy Smith, Moog-flavored pseudo-jazz bit, "Groove Holmes," which can only be described as "jizz," the Beastie Boys are never at a loss for words of wildly cerebral ideas. Also, note that the BBs play their instruments this time around.

Maybe *Check Your Head* won't sell as many copies as '92 giants *Nevermind* and *2 Legit 2 Quit*, and perhaps the Beastie Boys will be written off once again as churlish one-hit wonders, but don't be suprised if these guys come out of left field to kick your ass once again with the high-velocity punk-funk onslaught that they were responsible for in the first place. Because when it comes to putting your money where your mouth is and delivering the goods, the Beasties can afford to be as stupid as they wanna be.

Steven Blush

TRACY CHAPMAN

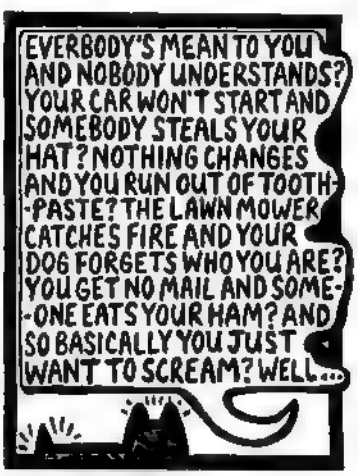
Matters of the Heart

Elektra

So you make a little money / Off of somebody else's sweat / So some people starve a little / While you get fat." With the preceding lines begins "So," the second song on *Matters of the Heart*, singer-songwriter Tracy Chapman's third album. In an age in which the mainstream political sentiment seems far removed from that of the late '60s, Chapman has

Little Sutty's Quest for Music *by Mark Blackwell*

YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU JUST WANT TO SCREAM? THERE AREN'T ENOUGH HOURS IN THE DAY AND THINGS SEEM TERRIBLE? NOTHING'S ON TV AND YOU'RE NOT SURE WHO TO VOTE FOR? YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO RECYCLE AND YOUR HEAD FEELS WEIRD? YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY AND YOU CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT?


EVERBODY'S MEAN TO YOU AND NOBODY UNDERSTANDS? YOUR CAR WON'T START AND SOMEBODY STEALS YOUR HAT? NOTHING CHANGES AND YOU RUN OUT OF TOOTHPASTE? THE LAWN MOWER CATCHES FIRE AND YOUR DOG FORGETS WHO YOU ARE? YOU GET NO MAIL AND SOMEONE EATS YOUR HAM? AND SO BASICALLY YOU JUST WANT TO SCREAM? WELL...

positioned herself a maverick, an overtly issue-oriented performer. Unfortunately, the headlines that pass for lyrics on *Matters* shed their shock value when set against Chapman's pleasantly bland folk rock. They're nothing so much as second-hand news.

Chapman's 1988 debut, *Tracy Chapman*, received extraordinary critical praise, and "Fast Car," the album's Top 40 single, brought a glimpse of urban poverty to easy listening radio, no doubt a formidable triumph. Chapman's stark self-righteousness ought rightly to be a boon—how could a black woman songwriter with guts be a bad thing? Yet the song "Dreaming on a World" urges people to dream of a better world, "No matter how unrealistic / Or naive / It may seem." How dreadfully condescending. In her deep, dreary voice, Chapman inspires complacency rather than activism.

Chapman's all-star backing band—Vernon Reid (Living Colour) and Mike Campbell (Tom Petty) on guitars, Roy Bittan (E Street Band) on keyboards, among others—plays a crisp and restrained semiacoustic pop. And that spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down—one can assume the sweet and sluggish "Bang Bang," a sad tale of boys and guns, serves only to assuage middle-class guilt. Only on the title track does the loping mope of the music seem to fit the subject at hand—the song explores fragile emotional territory with an expert's nuance and is reminiscent of 1989's *Crossroads*, Chapman's second effort.

One roots for Tracy Chapman as for a favorite Democratic presidential hopeful: Please make a difference, please change people's perceptions, please be *good*. *Matters of the Heart* is like that perfect candidate trying to discuss issues and inadvertently promoting emigration.

Alec Foege

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

Honey's Dead
Def American

For the current slurry of indie British guitar bands, rock history doesn't go back much farther than the Jesus and Mary Chain's 1985 LP, *Psychocandy*. Which is too bad—that album's leaden tempos, pedestrian melodies, and art-school lyrics couldn't have been redeemed by any amount of feedback. Subsequent attempts toned down the noise and tuned up the songs, resulting in at least two or three listenable numbers, but at the expense of innovation. The majority of even the Chain's best stuff still came off like lame Spacemen 3 (a band whose sound was so cool its songs were actually irrelevant) sped up.

Honey's Dead redeems the group's earlier sins by enlarging them to grandiose proportions, removing the

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Africa, Bali, Jamaica

BY RICHARD GEHR

A RECORD LIKE **YA NTESA DALIENST** and **Les Maquisard's** *Belalo* (Sango import) isn't supposed to sound as good as it does. Franco, after all, is dead. But singer Dalienst has reassembled the remnants of the late, great Zairian guitarist Franco's legendary OK Jazz into a *soukous* army that is more beholden to voice than blazing fretwork. And that's—okay. The title track is a classic cosmic-love anthem (no single person deserves this much musical adulation) that gradually achieves maximum sublimity. As is the case on each of these five 10-minute excursions: Voices drop in and out, three guitarists weave increasingly complex rhythmic patterns, casually tuned horns drop the occasional rumba riff, and bassist Jean-Baptiste Nsamela swoops and pops around the edges while Otis Kerfala maintains total beat authority. Feels like heaven to me (*available through Stern's, 598 Broadway, New York, NY 10012*).

Watch how Afropop fans, bored by Antilleated Parisian *soukous*, flock to **Virunga**, whose *Feet on Fire* (Stern's Africa) offers a lighter, jazzier alternative. The Kenya-based band is led by Zairian singer Samba Mapangala, who writes and sings about the practical aspects of romance, competition among bands, and the peripatetic musician's life. Although it was recorded in London with a local horn section and accordionist, you can't miss Kenya's solid *benga* beat in Rissa-Rissa's and Mokili Sesti's guitars, which throb and cajole where most *soukous* tickles and teases.

Shifting rhythmic patterns propel Balinese *gamelan*'s gongs, cymbals, and metallophones, too. Only here, the rhythms—either soothing or

sound from the indie-rock realm entirely by glossing it to an AOR shine. The Jesus and Mary Chain is now the stadium rock band it was really always meant to be—witness the Lollapalooza-style tour the band recently headlined in England—and the added sheen helps obscure, or at least soften, obvious flaws. Even ridiculous lyrics, like "I want to die just like Jesus Christ / I want to die just like JFK" (from the first single, "Reverence"), gain portent from the Big Rock Sound enveloping them.

A friend of mine said recently, "This record doesn't sound like the Jesus and Mary Chain." True—that's exactly why I'm recommending it.

Jim Greer

TEARS FOR FEARS

Tears Roll Down (Greatest Hits 82–92)
Fontana/Mercury

Another year goes by—a year of *An American Tail 2: Fievel Goes West*, *FIX 2: The Deadly Art of Illusion*, and *Problem Child 2*—and still no sign of a follow-up to *The Breakfast Club*, one of the few movies of the past decade that actually merited a subsequent episode. Little hope is held out to those of us craving further agony sessions with his sensitive stick figures. That's why Tears for Fears' initially unattractive summation of a dysfunctional duo's glory days proves an unexpected boon. The relentless blanket-clutching, thumb-sucking, and crying jags contained herein serve as an excellent soundtrack to an imaginary *Breakfast Club 2*. Imagine Ally Sheedy coming unglued to "Mad World," the now seven-foot-tall Anthony Michael Hall assuming the fetal position to "Pale Shelter," and Judd Nelson just being himself, to "Shout."

Stretching an already paper-thin analogy past the point of perforation, it's also tempting to compare the conflicting characteristics of the TFF boys. Curt Smith—choirboy visage, plaintive pipes, creamy melodies. Roland Orzabal—that surname, uncooperative hair, primal scouring, sub–Elton John delivery. These disparate types achieved excellence through enforced intimacy. *Songs From the Big Chair*'s collection of chiming nursery rhymes, spearheaded by the unbelievable but inescapable "Everybody Wants to Rule the World," became and remains perfect accompaniment to 12-step recovery

propulsive—are classical, ritualistic, and religious. However, the **Gamelan Sekar Jaya**, a Bay Area *gamelan*, adds an undeniable urban oomph to Bali's musical highs. There's a hectic urgency at the heart of many *gamelan* compositions, and GSJ is all over that mood. Other passages sound like Captain Beefheart as rewritten by Philip Glass. No monkey chants here, but a saxophone quartet screams like a rabid petting zoo during "Kekembangan." On its latest cassette, *Kreasi Baru (New Compositions) '88–'90* (available by writing to 6485 Conlon Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530), Gamelan Sekar Jaya rocks like a wild hog rampaging through the woods.

The dripping, hiccuping rhythms (otherwise known as *riddims*, or "falafels") on Jamaican **DJ Pinchers**'s insinuating *Bandelero* (Pow Wow) are almost exclusively electronic—call it "video *gamelan*." Pinchers is the Michael Jackson of dancehall. He toasts and sings in a high, lonesome tenor that belies his tough talk. Jamaican DJs are usually the funniest cultural parasites around, and Pinchers's *bandolero* bad boy routine is but the latest in a long reggae tradition of gangster personas that includes DJs Dillinger, Clint Eastwood, and Nigger Kojak. (The ancient *Tough Guys in Dub* LP pays echoey respect to Humphrey Bogart, Mickey Spillane, and Lee Marvin.) Of course, Pinchers is a wuss at heart. The tuneful tough-guy shtick has just gotten interesting ("Pick a lickle lick on my banjo / Take a lickle walk in El Paso") when he starts drooling over the girlies and begging for "Brotherly Love" from his fellow DJs. Next thing you know, he'll be pimping for Pepsi and itching to heal the world.

Pinchers reaching out.

WONDERFUL WORLD
Youssou N'Dour, *Eyes Open* (Sony); The Ukrainians, *The Ukrainians* (Omnium); Manu Dibango, *Polysonik* (Soundwave); Boiled in Lead, *Old Lead* (Omnium).

programs. Sadly, the period of penal servitude spent nitpicking over 1989's *The Seeds of Love* failed to produce any comparable universal pacifiers. As Ally Sheedy said, "When you get old, your heart dies." Recently, Smith left the band, leaving Orzabal in charge without a creative buffer. Of course, Sheedy's a published poet and—just a thought.

Jonathan Bernstein

L7
Bricks Are Heavy
Slash

L7 is a '50s term meaning "square." *Square:* a plane figure having four equal sides, four right angles, and edges. Sounds about right—even though these gals are anything but *plain*—the group consists of four equally rockin' entities, whose musical angles are totally correct, while there are enough edges on this disc to hurt any halfway sane person. Case in point, the first single off *Bricks Are Heavy*, "Pretend We're Dead," is a peppy little classic that'll inspire you to leap up into the air, causing your hair to fly around and your feet to leave the ground. When making the video, guitarist Suzi Gardner almost went beyond pretending when a camera crane fell on her, causing multiple injuries. But enough about death—this tune could be read as a diatribe against the zombielike times we live in with such tongue-in-cheek lines as "Just say no to individuality."

Sometimes bluesy and rockabillyish, sometimes churning and slow, the sum total is just plain cathartically groovy. Shining moments: a couple of righteous get-out-of-my-life tunes, "Slide" and "One More Thing," and some really funny lyrical treats on "Diet Pill"—"My diet pill is wearing off / I think the swelling is going down." The word *raunchy* may spring to mind. That's cool, because singing along and spewing out from

ABNORMAL

THE LEAVING TRAINS don't care if you listen to their new album, THE LUMP IN MY FOREHEAD, because they're definitely not "PC." We call them "PF" (Politically Fucked-up). LUMP is the fifth SST release from the TRAINS where a new, rejuvenated line up joins Falling James in launching personal affronts at Bob Hope, Burger King and women ("who make you feel like a piece of shit"). Falling even points a finger at himself on "Abnormal." Such an honest portrayal could have a serious impact on his bid for the White House this election year.

Yes, Falling James has tossed his shower cap in the ring for the 1992 presidential race. Part of his platform is to change the national anthem and return land to Native Americans that was mis-appropriated through bogus contracts. Surely, James will inform the thousands of folks he'll encounter of his candidacy along the upcoming, international "LUMPY" tour route.

THE LUMP IN MY FOREHEAD (SST 288)

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Lauren Spencer

LYLE LOVETT

Joshua Judges Ruth

MCA

Lyle Lovett takes his sweet time between records, but you'd best believe he's worth the wait. Named after three consecutive books of the Bible, *Joshua Judges Ruth* plows familiar country'n'blues turf, only to veer off in odd, sometimes nasty, directions. The rousing "Church," with its irresistible "beans and cornbread" chorus, turns a Sunday service into a dizzy tall tale, while the honky-tonk weeper "She's Leaving Me Because She Really Wants To" bluntly mocks romantic clichés.

When he's not trashing love—don't miss the rockin' hostility of "You've Been So Good Up to Now"—Lovett turns his jaundiced eye on family life. The tortured "Baltimore" portrays the bonds between generations as a deadly, suffocating burden; "Since the Last Time" and "Family Reserve" pretend to celebrate the warm glow that comes from friends and relations, yet they've got a creepy morbid streak a mile wide. Thanks to his likably nondescript vocals, Lovett comes across as an ordinary slob rather than a whining weirdo, which just deepens the chill of his dark meditations. He's a devil, that boy.

Jon Young

CHIC

Chic-Ism

Warner Bros.

In 1977, Chic's "Le Freak" hit No. 1 and became WEA's all-time biggest-selling single. In 1979, the band's "Good Times" introduced the bass line that would put hip hop on wax ("Rapper's Delight") and wind up on Queen's "Another One Bites the Dust." In 1983, when the group disbanded, Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards went separate ways. They spent nine years producing other groups (Rodgers produced Madonna, Duran Duran, and the B-52s, among others; Edwards's credits include Power Station, ABC, and Jody Watley) before deciding to put Chic back in effect for 1992.

The band's newest LP, *Chicism*, was well worth the wait. The group (featuring two new female leads) has come correct with an album that's true to what disco was really about. Chic isn't out to be Public Enemy, trying to solve the world's problems, it's about dancing, enjoying life, and staying positive.

Chicism finds the band manipulating existing formulas and infusing them with its traditional sound, resulting in an album with ballads better than Whitney, house hipper than C+C Music Factory, and funk fatter than the Brand New Heavies. The album's musically complete. A refreshingly sophisticated change from the 4/4 house pap, plastic balladry, and sample-crammed retro groups crowding the airwaves and sales charts in 1992. If you wanna dance and feel good, or have a couple of ballads to drink to, this is what you'll wanna be shelling out the ducats for.

Dimin Bo

SWANS

Love of Life

Young God

New York's Swans have developed the same schlock-rock tactics that Iggy Pop cultivated mid-career. Swans' ninth studio album, *Love of Life*, is to *Filth*, *Holy Money*, and *Greed*—the early Swans albums that spurred the band's dirge-paced drone—what Pop's own *Lust for Life* is to the Stooges' early-'70s albums. It's the first Swans album to resolve the band's urge for a larger audience with its knack for creating music that loves getting on people's nerves.

The Burning World, the band's 1989 sole major-label release, was where Swans first took a radical turn. The album's mid-tempo college rock, produced by Bill Laswell, was a not altogether unpleasant reminder of why underground bands, too often, are better left buried. *Love of Life* topples that truism: Lead singer-songwriter Michael Gira's languorous baritone has become an unexpected source of comfort. The title track, for example, uses sonic bombast to mask mixed emotions. Similarly, the treacly swirl of "The Other Side of

Big Star

BY ERIK DAVIS

IF HISTORY WERE FAIR, ALL THE college kids who scarfed up Teenage Fanclub, Velvet Crush, and Primal Scream CDs would be forced to go back in time and spend their cash on Big Star records. That way, Chris Bell wouldn't have died in obscurity and Alex Chilton wouldn't have been dragged down by the albatross of "legendry" (having the Replacements name a song after you ain't all it's cracked up to be). But history is a tunnel of slime, and the font of all-things-power-pop remains obscured, though Rykodisc's new releases will help: two discs of unreleased material—a live recording and Chris Bell's solo album—and a reissue of *Third/Sister Lovers* with previously unreleased tracks added. The third is one of the few rock records that will turn your neurons to icicles.

The tale: After bagging his role as stand-up golden boy for the Box Tops, a chart-topping '60s outfit, Alex Chilton returned to Memphis and hooked up with childhood pal Chris Bell and two other dudes. Taking the name of a local supermarket chain, the band cut *#1 Record*, the kind of yearning, bittersweet pop album that should have melted like the Raspberries on teenybopper tongues. No dice. A disillusioned Bell bailed out, and the remaining threesome brought *Radio City* into the world, an album that cooked Chilton's honey-and-grits mixture to perfection and contained "September Gurls" and "Back of a Car," two flawless windows onto the paradise of teenage sex.

Live captures the post-Bell band spewing tunes on some radio station in Long Island. While the bass sounds like it's being sucked into the carpet, the loose, gruff playing is a cool contrast to the tight incandescence of the studio records. Particularly moving are four acoustic tunes that Chilton plays solo, including a goofy, self-pitying one about a groupie that understandably never made it to the light of day (chorus: "Come up to my hotel room and save my life"). A short interview on the album indicates Chilton's rising bile, which he soon dumped into the long white halls of *Third/Sister Lovers*, the kind of album they made Prozac to prevent. Replacing pop with pain, the yawning abyss of *Third* includes fragments of black cars, kangaroos, and Jesus Christ; as many strings as guitars; and a few ballads that will punch a black hole in your soul. Ryko also tosses in two remarkable covers of the Kinks and Nat King Cole.

But the real surprise here is Chris Bell's *I Am the Cosmos*, a glittering and anxious solo album that was still unreleased when Bell bowed out during the disco duck days in a—you guessed it—car crash. *Cosmos* makes a great argument for Bell's central role in the band, and in songs like "Better Save Yourself," "Look Up," and "There Was a Light," he bares the warped and aching soul that always put Big Star miles ahead of other power popsters. Though Bell's vocals are thinner than Chilton's and his guitar playing only half as inventive, *Cosmos* includes three or four songs that sparkle as melodiously as any in the Big Star heavens, that arc of sky that indie popsters are still charting their course by.

Big Star, *from left*: Chris Bell, Jody Stephens, Andy Hummell, and Alex Chilton.

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the World" is a fitting background for singer Jarboe's unearthly vocal.

Swans eke out a song based on certain assumptions—that the world is doomed, that love is tragic, that a song with only two chords is better than one with three. Sameness is sometimes a problem, but if *Love of Life* is any indication, Swans, like Iggy Pop, will trounce their demons and forever dance in a spot of flickering neon light.

Alec Foege

YOTHU YINDI

Tribal Voice

Hollywood

Man, it's about *time* the Aborigine Rock Coalition got its outback in gear. Bottom line is, the Australasiatic Man invented rock'n'roll, right? Or maybe I'm just thinking of Rolf Harris with "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" (1963)—well, at least he was from Perth, closer to wombat-hunting country than Sydney (AC/DC, Divinyls, INXS, Midnight Oil, Rick Springfield) or Melbourne (Men at Work, Olivia Newton-John, Kylie Minogue, the Little River Band). East coast Aussies stole the soul, and to quote Peter Garrett in "Beds Are Burning," let's give it back!

The band Yothu Yindi comes from a remote coastal community of Arnhem Land and sounds not at all like the Strangeloves (who claimed to learn the Burundi beat of "I Want Candy" from aborigines). In fact, Yothu Yindi is closer to Midnight Oil—similar AOR-anthem bent, and Mandawuy Yunupingu stops and starts through his nose like a less pompous Garrett. "Treaty," its funky down-under hit, sarcastically protests imperialist land-plunder, just like all Midnight Oil's best songs. Only, Yothu Yindi is a *glam* band—its members wear wilder makeup than Poison ever did! (A tribal thing, perhaps.) The didgeridoo player takes gargling solos that scare my kids, and the clapsticks guy approximates Isaac Hayes protodisco rhythms. Emotive guitar noise on top: not bad, really.

Problem's the words—too serious. Personally, I'm rooting for Yindi to sell out like its Native American predecessor Redbone did with "Come and Get Your Love" in 1974. What a song.

Chuck Eddy

DEAD MILKMEN

Soul Rotation

Hollywood

First, I'll spoil the Philadelphia scream-cheese quartet's major-label debut surprise by revealing that the "new" Milkmen, Butterfly Fairweather and H.P. Hovercraft, are still guitarist-singer Joe Jack Talcum and singer-keyboardist Rodney Anonymous, respectively.

Har, har, "H.P. Hovercraft"! That name reflects the band's increasing preoccupation with flying saucers and paranoia on a cosmic level. "The Conspiracy Song" is every Dead Kennedys record ever made, distilled into 2 minutes and 27 seconds—"They own the state / They own the church / They pick the winners on *Star Search*." In "All Around the World," Rodney prays for spaceships to find him before the assassins descend. In

"The Secret of Life," he gets his wish and makes a subtle, hopeful argument for the Earth-as-lab-culture cosmology described (much more pessimistically) by horror writer H.P. Lovecraft and fringe man-of-science Charles Fort.

Like most rock groups specializing in sarcastic, musically eclectic social commentary, the Milkmen seem to be motivated by pent-up rage as much as childlike wonder. "If I Had a Gun" and the Wagnerian "Wonderfully Colored Plastic War Toys" are obvious enough; the alternate universe proposed in "God's Kid Brother" and the UFO tunes could be just a bigger way of saying, "This place sucks."

Compared with the last five Milk-

men albums, *Soul Rotation* is, frankly, just the same. Irreverent! Twangy! Minimal! Toy synthesizers! Crank-call vocals! A few observations truly hit home ("Conspiracy," "War Toys"); all are recognizable and cheerfully annoying. For a veteran "joke band," Dead Milkmen are beating significant odds.

Tom Nordlie

YOUSSOU N'DOUR
Eyes Open
Columbia

With spots on Paul Simon's *Graceland* and Peter Gabriel's *So*, Senegalese songbird Youssou N'Dour got a jump on the Afropop invasion but stalled somewhere in middle passage, flip-flopping between *griot* roots and crossover dreams on albums for Polygram and Virgin. Signed to Columbia through Spike Lee's 40 Acres & a Mule production company, he now seems determined to take the world-beat market by quiet storm. *Eyes Open* is where Michael Jackson meets Kunta Kinte, a halcyon confusion of synth-washed hooks and Ur-funk percussion that buoys N'Dour's soulful, stratospheric vocals to new levels of sophistication while leaving his identity crisis pointedly unresolved.

"I have lost my soul / I am upside down," he wails in English and Wolof on "Country Boy" over a slick blend of tribal rhythms and Weather Report–ish textures. On "New African," he lauds militant heroes Stephen Biko and Kwame Nkrumah as guitarist Jimmy Mbaye cops the theme from *Parker Lewis Can't Lose*. "No More" rocks to a radio-ready acoustic guitar, "Africa Remembers" bemoans the slave trade over soul-jazz sax, and "Useless Weapons" is an anthemic antiwar ballad that would do Phil Collins proud. On the other hand, there are several tunes in the punchy *mbalax* groove that made N'Dour a local superstar in the first place, with Assane Thiam's talking *tama* drum chattering volubly. And of course, there's that insinuating, Arabic-inflected tenor, perhaps the future voice of the international Pepsi generation. But if music—from salsa and samba to reggae and funk—is all "The Same," as N'Dour declares on a song with that title, why bother to import it?

Larry Birnbaum

YO LA TENGO
May I Sing With Me
Alias

Pulling off stuff that other bands merely dream of, Yo La Tengo is the kind of live act that makes audience members who're in bands consider calling it quits. Yo La Tengo redefines guitar skronk while recapturing the crispness of country-rock songwriting and reinventing rock'n' roll ambience. The band's just plain *better* at this than any Tom, Dick, or Seattle band. Yo La Tengo communicates, rather than copping the introspective staring-at-your-belly-button attitude of late-'80s/early-'90s indie rock.

May I Sing With Me contains music and lyrics that have as many facets as life itself. There isn't one specific mood or frame of mind—as in Morbid Angel or 101 Strings Orchestra. This album relates to every single

mood I've ever been in. The amount of life breathed into every single song spellbinds my attention, time and time again. Whether the band is pulling off Crazy Horse–sounding rip and roar or quiet, subtle, almost fragile tunes that would have made Gram Parsons proud, it does so with ease and maximum emotional input. Ira Kaplan's blazing all-over-the-place guitar work, matched up with the Superglue-tight rhythm section of Georgia Hubley and James McNew, lends even more strength to songs that are already as flawless as Shaker furniture.

New Wave Hot Dogs was one of 1987's best, and with *May I Sing With Me*, the band is batting a million.

Johan Kugelberg

STOLAR TRACKS

Cows *Cunning Stunts* (Amphetamine Reptile)
Since their '91 beauty, Peacetika, Minneapolis's Cows have added fine-handed, clear production and a slightly tamer approach to mixing musical styles. Don't worry though, Cows are still the Leaders of the Demented School, and singer Shannon Selberg isn't likely to toss in his red cardboard cowboy hat and buzzing bugle anytime soon. The band's overall best to date.

Ween *The Pod* (Shimmy Disc)
After 3600 recorded hours the brothers Ween are back with a double album of 22 new songs. But don't expect a blatant, goofy follow-up to Ween's 1991 rock fest'n'jest, *God-Ween-Satan*. This time around Dean and Gene are more into making music than mayhem, performing simple, murky rock creations that ooze with talent, creativity, and occasional burps, snorts and giggling.

King Kong *Old Man on the Bridge* (Homestead)
After a short history of moonlighting as Louisville's Slint, King Kong is back with a reworked lineup (minus Squirrel Bait personnel) and nine songs of basic yet wonderful cutting-edge rock, jazz, and '60s wah-wah guitar. A bluesy mishmash, simple and sweet to the ear.

Various Artists *Dope Guns'N'Fucking in the Streets:Volumes 4–7* (Amphetamine Reptile)
What are noise bands? Think of them as loud and furious groups that tuck melodies away beneath layers of thick guitar, ear-shuddering bass, and slamming, whamming drums. It's not fair to lump artists together this way, but it sure is easy. So check out singles from Lubricated Goat, Helmet, Vertigo, Boss Hog, and Jesus Lizard and make up your own definitions.

Pussy Galore *Corpse Love: The First Year* (Caroline)
A compilation of Pussy Galore's first three EPs and eight previously unreleased tracks. But the band's early mediocre material makes you sick? You find the song titles unforgivably offensive? Can't argue with that, but hey, it's still art and expression, and Pussy Galore does have a bare-bones, noisy, punk rock history behind it. So even if you're not into antiaesthetics, leave yourself open to the band's pure, raunchy fun.

These reviews are picked by SPIN editors and in no way connote band endorsement of STOLICHNAYA.

STOLI
THE RUSSIAN PHENOMENON.

NEW REVOLUTIONS

On the Good Foot

BY JOHAN KUGELBERG

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GOOD BAND and a bad band is not necessarily in the eye of the beholder. There really are good bands, in a Platonic sense. We live in a world where you can say that James Brown is "better" than George Michael. You can also say that Antietam, the Gories, and ESG are "better" than Nirvana.

Led by native Kentuckians Tara Key and Tim Harris on guitar and bass guitar, respectively, **Antietam** has been playing together for more than five years now, slowly fine-tuning its craft. The interplay between guitar and bass is super tight, and the band's recent album, *Antietam Comes Alive* (Triple X), is clearly its finest moment yet. For a band like this, for which song structure and improvisation are pretty much fully interlocked, recording live is a great solution. Tara Key's guitar blaze has never sounded better; check out the unbelievable sound on "Monica."

Antietam comes alive, *from left*: Tara Key, Josh Madell, and Tim Harris.

Who would have thought that a CD compilation including **ESG**'s prime stuff would become readily available in any record store in the country? Not me. These three sisters from the Bronx stirred up some of the most memorable minimalist-funk ever in the early '80s with releases on 99 Records and Manchester's Factory Records. Martin Hannett produced some sessions with the band that weren't a financial success per se, but I'd be quite surprised if you could find another band from the '80s that has been as influential for local hip hop acts over the last few years. You can find sampled ESG bass lines and beats strewn all over the place. This 12-song self-titled disc from Pow Wow Records compiles the Hannett sessions and some newly recorded stuff. All the "hits" are here: "Moody" and "UFO" are sounding as fresh and as bizarre as ten years ago. The sisters have been playing some area gigs to support the record, and there's some brand-new material in the works. It's really too bad that the Factory sound was defined by Joy Division instead of ESG.

Detroit's **Gories** are simply a blazing, stripped-down, perfect punk-rock–rhythm and-blues unit. Imagine the Cramps at their prime with the throb of John Lee Hooker, and you're not close but you're getting there. This trio has been around for a few years and has a couple of stunning but hard-to-find LPs under its belt. The band's debut, *House Rockin*, and its latest, *I Know You Fine but How You Doin'*, have only been available as imports but should be released domestically on CD soon. The latest couple of moths drawn to the Gories' flame have been the Sub Pop and In the Red labels, which both released 45s by the group; a new album is to follow on Crypt. The Gories play within a '50s–'60s rock'n'roll garage context, but they would never let themselves become mere cartoon characters like most others in the genre: They have full control over the spirits that possess them onstage, as well as those residing inside a bottle of Thunderbird ESQ.

Triple X, 2020 N. Main St., Los Angeles, CA 90031, (213) 221-2204; Pow Wow Records, 1776 Broadway, Room 1206, New York, NY 10019; Sub Pop, 1932 First Ave., Suite 1103, Seattle, WA 98101; In The Red, c/o Iloki Records, P.O. Box 49593, Los Angeles, CA 90049; Crypt, P.O. Box 9151, Morristown, NJ 07910; The Gories, 629 W. Willis, Detroit, MI 48201.

STOLAR RECEPTION.

LIVE!

Our new concert review page is almost as good as being there.

Sunny Bono.

U2

Lakeland Civic Center:
Lakeland, Florida
February 29, 1992

Arena rock is an unjustly ignored art form. In its highest incarnation—say, at this U2 show—the megaplatinum rock performance approaches Las Vegas–ian heights of entertainment. Massive, in a Wayne Newton sense (though not *quite* as good—not enough lasers). Religious, in a Neil Diamond kind of way. Engrossing. Gross. Not to be missed.

The first stateside U2 concert in over four years was all of these things and more. The band decided to pick more intimate venues than the usual football stadiums this time out (if you consider a 17,000-capacity basketball hall intimate) —officially to reconnect with the audience, unofficially out of fear of the recession. Rumor has it that a summer stadium tour has been penciled in due to the encouraging ticket sales from this tour.

Lakeland, Florida, is an astute place to begin a midwinter tour of America. If the concert had taken place during the day, U2 could have called it Under a Clear Blue Sky instead of Zoo TV. The weather here couldn't have been better—a lucky thing for the hordes of fans loitering outside the backstage entrance for at least 24 hours prior to the first show, hoping only to catch a glimpse of their heroes. And when the fans were finally rewarded, as a bevy of white stretch limos pulled up for the U2 sound check, their screams were deafening.

As for the shows: The members of U2 are total pros. They are consummate entertainers ("Rock'n'roll is entertainment," read one of the onstage video screens during "The Fly," and however ironic the intent, the band sure as hell knows what that means). Bono wears leather pants and a shiny leather jacket that he changes more than once, depending, I guess, on his mood and the in-house temperature. Bono adopts various time-tested arena rock poses for the delectation of the crowd, and is universally admired for his execution of same. Bono struts. Bono shakes. Bono vogues (this we could do without). Bono invokes the omnipotent god of the spotlight and rubs his crotch in a handily nearby video-camera lens. Oh yeah, and Bono sings.

The set is top-heavy with new numbers at first, probably a good move since we get the full impact of the *Achtung Baby* material without having to compare it with the earlier, better stuff. Visually, the stage is more than impressive, with cars suspended from the ceiling, hundreds of video monitors broadcasting colorful diversions, and an innovative offstage platform where the band gathers together, small-club style, to perform a near-acoustic version of "Angel of Harlem" that sends the crowds into paroxysms of '80s nostalgia.

Another song the band performs from the secondary stage is Lou Reed's "Satellite of Love," from whose whimsical sci-fi imagery U2 seems to have drawn many of its Zoo TV themes. The pomo information overload conceit holds together well, especially when the band subsequently rips into a version of "Bullet the Blue Sky." But it breaks down halfway into that song when Bono breaks into an unintelligible rap about, I think, money or something, which would have been more impressive if I hadn't seen them run over and over the choreography of his little speech during sound check.

U2 puts on a damn good show, but it has so little to do with rock'n'roll that we should probably find a new word for it. Arena rock has more in common with sports than anything musical—except that at a U2 concert no one loses, and it's difficult to tell who wins.

JIM GREER

Bob Mould

40 Watt Club:
Athens, Georgia
February 20, 1992

Playing under the band name Sugar, ex–Hüsker Dü hero Bob Mould debuted his new power trio in a well-attended surprise performance at the demilegendary 40 Watt Club. Put plainly, the new combo rocks—substituting the occasionally bloodless precision of the earlier lineup of drummer Anton Fier and bassist Tony Maimone with a fire and grit not seen since, well, since mid-'80s Hüsker Dü. Sugar rehearsed for only two weeks prior to the gig, which lent an edge of spontaneity and even frivolity missing from previous Mould solo outings.

Sugar-coated Bob Mould.

Though many were distracted by Athens's favorite spectator sport—R.E.M.-watching (all four members eventually put in brief appearances)—most of the relentlessly collegiate crowd was captivated by Sugar's performance. The band played only new songs, rounded out by a few well-chosen covers, including inspired versions of the Who's "Armenia City in the Sky" and the Beatles' "Helter Skelter." Among the originals, "The Act We Act," "Changes," and "Helpless" were standouts—typically melodic bursts of song craft pushed to a new level of intensity by Mould's frenetic (and loud) guitar and throat-threatening vocals. Mould also presented four songs of a five-song "Jesus Christ Cycle" to finish off the set in a fit of *Zen Arcade*–style conceptualizing.

Mould hopes to have an album out before the fall. Judging from this show, it should be worth looking for.

TOP: KEVIN MAZUR; BOTTOM: W.H. OAKES JR.

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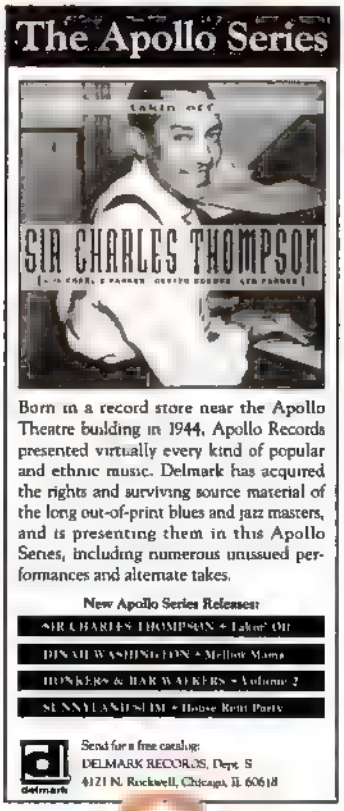
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Beastie Boys

continued from page 39

When the Beasties first met each other, Kate Schellenbach and Jill Cunniff were in the posse. Schellenbach had been in the Young Aborigines with Mike D before the Beasties formed and was in the Beasties up through 1983's *Cookie Puss*. When Rick Rubin came along, however, the girls say his sexism brought out the hitherto-unseen worst in the group.

Fortunately, Yauch has outgrown the urge to write songs about "shooting people and disrespecting women," songs that he now claims were tongue-in-cheek. "I was on a mad woman hunt back then. Now I've got a girlfriend, but it's not like 'Oh, I can't say that because of my girlfriend.' It really just isn't going through my head."

Yauch, for one, has checked his head. "If fucked-up things are going on in my life, it's probably because fucked-up things are going on in my head." Needless to say, Adam Yauch's life is not fucked up.

Jill Cunniff wonders if his new mellowness will affect the sense of humor of the kid who cowrote the script for the band's aborted comedy, *Scared Stupid*—and who used to hawk Italian ices by yelling, "Get 'em while they're hot."

But you can "Put your worries on hold," as Yauch says on "Pass the Mic." For one thing, Yauch is not all love and kisses on the new album (check his bit on "Professor Booty"). And for another, he seems comfortable with the indelible mark L.A. has left on him. "A lot of people in New York think L.A. is soft. I used to say that shit, too." He also says he is homesick for New York.

You Know How It Is

Legend has it that Adam Horovitz once said he knew he would be famous from the day he was born.

Certainly he has the confidence that breeds charisma. "What are you gonna say that I don't know already?" he asks in "Pass the Mic," adding that "I'm like Clyde, I like to rock it steady." (*Rockin' Steady* is the name of the biography of former New York Knick Walt "Clyde" Frazier.)

I wasn't gonna tell this guy anything he didn't know already. Like Alexander, he'd conquered the world before he was 21. Then he'd romanced several Hollywood hussies before settling on his true love, actress Ione Skye. As Horovitz likes to say, You know how it is.

Actually you and I don't. Which is why Ad-Rock is a hero to kids of all races and classes—from actor and oil heir Balthazar Getty to the scores of middle-American teens who still call the number found on *Paul's Boutique*. He's living out our fantasy. "I got it made," he says without gloating. "I'm the luckiest kid in the fuckin' world. I love it. I love it."

On a typical day he'll meet for breakfast with Skye, their friend actor Max Perlich, and whichever other Hollywood kids show up. After eating on Sunset, we go next door to the record store, but Horovitz has most of them already. "You're not buying a zydeco album, are you?" he teases Perlich.

He shows me his backyard playroom, where there's an eight-track tape player, ramshackle drum kit, and portrait of Mush Mouth. In his bedroom, we watch a video about reggae featuring the Gladiators. "Listen to that voice," he says with unexpected and disarming sincerity. "I watch this tape fuckin' every day."

We drive to a café, and I say that Kate Schellenbach remembers how, when they were teenagers, Horovitz would "stop to call his girlfriend at every phone booth."

He also ran up enormous phone bills after he met Molly Ringwald on the *Licensed to Ill* tour. He and Ringwald also went to Ireland to track down their roots (Horovitz's mother was Irish). And even though he couldn't drive, he went to L.A. and lived in the valley. "That should tell you what I'm like," he admits. It should also tell you why he had ulcers.

What's more, according to Horovitz, he met Skye when he was still going out with Ringwald. "So I stayed out here and waited until I could go out with her. Kinda secretly."

At the café, Horovitz asks the waitress to turn down a power ballad simpering from the speakers. "I hate this shit—Michael Bolton. They just *take* everything, and don't give anything back."

This reminds me of "Gratitude," where Horovitz sings like a rock star, "When you've got so much to say, it's called gratitude." There are not a lot of words on the new Beasties album, not because the band has nothing to say but because it has too much to say.

"It's, like—" he says. Silence. "That's what. If I had to say something, it would be 'Lighten up. Be cool.' There's just so many buffoons out there."

Still, Ad-Rock unnecessarily downplays his quite flavorful guitar playing. And I wonder if his reluctance to do vocals isn't the result of chickening out on being the front man he's so obviously fated to be. "No, Yauch is James Dean," he says, already retreating. "I can't sing. I like being in a band." Looking away, he adds, "I like Mike D. We kept trying to get him to go solo. He wouldn't do it."

Je Suis Music

There's something about Mike D. He's everybody's favorite Beastie—even the other two Beasties' favorite Beastie. After all these years, they still can't help saying his name—"Mike D!"—with the utmost glee. The others helped create the look of a white kid pimp wearing a Volkswagen hood ornament. But when Rick Rubin suggested that they could do without Mike D, that was the beginning of the end. For Rubin.

Mike D is certainly in charge of his own shit nowadays. As he says in "Finger Lickin' Good," "[I've] got a million ideas I ain't even rocked." Diamond is the group's spokesman, a liaison between the band and a world of squares. He deals with the press, accountants, promoters. His fax and car phone, in other words, aren't just props. While the others rent houses, Mike D owns "Club D," a Spanish villa with custom pool, subzero fridge, the works. His girlfriend, Tamra, is slightly older and has already been married. He has part interest in a hip clothing store called X-Large, where he sells the T-shirts he manufactures. The band's lawyer, Ken Anderson, says that Mike D will have his own label someday. Business, however, never gets in the way of pleasure.

"Basically, all there is—is music. Records. Beats. New shit. And learning." Already solid as drummer, he has the potential to be a Steve Gadd–type studio pro. He isn't just into music. He is music. Indeed, on the back of his favorite baseball cap is stitched the phrase coined by disco legend Cerrone: JE SUIS MUSIC.

"I grew up totally on the alternative shit," he says. "I came to the rock shit later. The opposite of how you grew up. I figured if most kids in high school were gonna smoke pot and listen to Zeppelin, then fuck that."

Mike D worries today's kids don't feel as strongly about music as when he and I grew up—when the difference between punk and pothead was a big deal. "I hated Zeppelin then. It wasn't the music, it was more like culture."

As Jill Cunniff points out, the club-kid culture she and Mike D soaked up as prepubescent punks in the late '70s was a very urban, liberal, sophisticated ideal. Before the jocks jumped on the hardcore bandwagon, the scene was a godsend for misfits and nerds. In the streets, Mike D, Cunniff, Schellenbach, Yauch, original Beasties guitarist John Berry, and others, played hide and seek and clobbered each other with giant cardboard tubes. Once inside, they'd hold hands in a circle and scowl at clods who stumbled onto their turf.

As different as this was from my own boilerplate suburban background, Mike D and I have somehow met halfway after all these years. While he now smokes herb and listens to jazz fusion, I now give hardcore the time of day. "So what you're saying is that we've become Genesis," he says.

Mike D knows me too well. But I press him, and eventually he concedes one point: "Our picture of a person listening to our album is somebody buying the vinyl, looking at the artwork, smoking a joint, putting on the headphones, and listening to it. Which I guess is a classic-rock concept, in a way."

"In a very big way," I add. "That's precisely the image that punk reacted against."

"Yeah, that's true."

Actually, it was only half true. As an incorrigible Led-head, I wanted to say that *Check Your Head* was the best prog rock album since *Physical Graffiti*. But I had to admit that, in fact, it's the best *punk* rock joint since *London Calling*. I had been vindicated, but it was the Beastie Boys who had triumphed.

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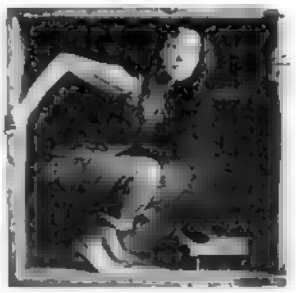

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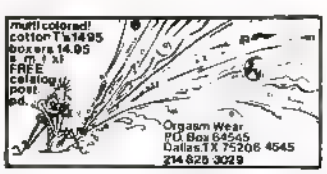

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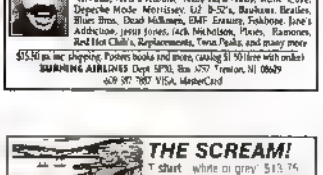
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BACK PAGE

STAR TREK

Hey baby, what's your sign? Special Astrology Horoscope Editor MARK BLACKWELL goes stargazing.

MARTIN MAYO

Taurus (April 20 to May 20) This will be a month in which several different things will happen to you. But be prepared—some of the stuff will be good and some will be bad. Around the middle of the month, be ready to receive a phone call from someone you know. Warning: Expect to make some decisions about some things in the coming weeks! You will celebrate a birthday soon.

Gemini (May 21 to June 20) Congratulations! You've been quite an ambitious little critter! Remember that special goal you set? Well, you've been patient and productive for several months now, and you should be damn proud! You're one person who can look others in the eye and say, "I have taken the road less traveled—the path of self determination!" Unfortunately, you'll soon learn that your diligence has been absolutely useless, and you haven't a snowball's chance in hell of ever reaching your ridiculous goal—or, for that matter, *any* goal. Loser.

Cancer (June 21 to July 22) This fact, which may seem trivial to you at the moment, will come in very handy this month, playing a crucial role in your affairs and making you appear to be very "with it" to a potential lover or business associate: Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants are no longer called *Kentucky Fried Chicken* and now operate exclusively under the moniker *KFC*.

Leo (July 23 to August 22) Life this month will be a *roar*. You shouldn't spend time *lion* around the house, because your *mane* objective is fun. Just don't go around *lion* to people. Get it? *Roar*? *Mane*? *Lion*? Ha, ha.

Virgo (August 23 to September 22) This is a rock'n'roll month. You are reading SPIN now, and that's just the beginning. The B-52's will release a new album around the 24th. Keep an eye out—U2 might be coming to your city! Sit at home and watch MTV all day, and you'll see the new Michael Jackson video at least two or three times—maybe more.

Libra (September 23 to October 22) Stay indoors and keep the blinds shut. Do not answer the telephone or doorbell under any circumstance. Refrain from operating machinery, and maintain a considerable distance from any device that is powered by electricity. Do not eat food that has been prepared or touched by anyone other than yourself. Wait a second! What's that noise? Did you lock all the windows? Is that something moving over there behind the curtain? Have you checked inside your closet?

Scorpio (October 23 to November 21) Scorpios are the best. The people born under this sign are so awesome. They're the ones that should always receive the benefit of the doubt. If, for example, you are unsure of someone and he turns out to be a Scorpio, born, say, around the tenth, then he is obviously the best. (Note: The Special Astrology Horoscope Editor stresses that the specific time frame in which his own birthday falls has no bearing on any part of this column, and any favorable correlation is pure coincidence. Such bias would blaspheme to the precise science of which he is a respected practitioner.)

Sagittarius (November 22 to December 21) The time is ripe for you to run around in public places—a shopping mall or your local True Value hardware store, for example—without a stitch of clothing on your body. Other news: You face the possibility of being arrested this month.

Capricorn (December 22 to January 19) If you can't run with the big dogs, stay on the porch.

Aquarius (January 20 to February 18) When the moon is in the seventh house, and Jupiter aligns with Mars, then peace will guide the planet, and love will steer the stars. This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. Age of Aquarius. *A-quaaar-eee-uuus.*

Pisces (February 19 to March 20) Everything's cool! You're on top and riding high! Don't worry about a damn thing, especially if you're the type who believes that this month only 12 different kinds of things will happen to the millions of people reading this, and that the general personality and future of every single person with a birthday the same month as yours—no matter what year they were born—is not only the same, but also can be summed up in about a hundred words. Life is great for you! You're No. 1! Yes!

Aries (March 21 to April 19) Are you down? Well, what with the weird alignment of the planets and all that stuff, that's quite natural this month. The solution to your troubles is simple, though difficult to explain. It would be unfair to those of the other signs for us to elaborate on the details of such a thing here—especially since we're almost out of space—but everything will get better if you'll just send an envelope with a dollar in it to I Am a Troubled Aries, c/o Mark Blackwell—Special Astrology Horoscope Editor, SPIN, 6 W. 18th St., New York, NY 10011. (Please allow six to eight weeks for something good to happen to you.)

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When I told Mark I couldn't see him, he told me to take a hike. So I did. Two blocks south to have a Baileys with Michael.

BAILEYS
RAISES THE ART OF THE EVERYDAY.™

Baileys Original Irish Cream Liqueur® Imported by ©1992 The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ. 17% alc. by vol. Baileys is a registered trademark.

Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Material chroniony prawem autorskim